

UC-NRLF

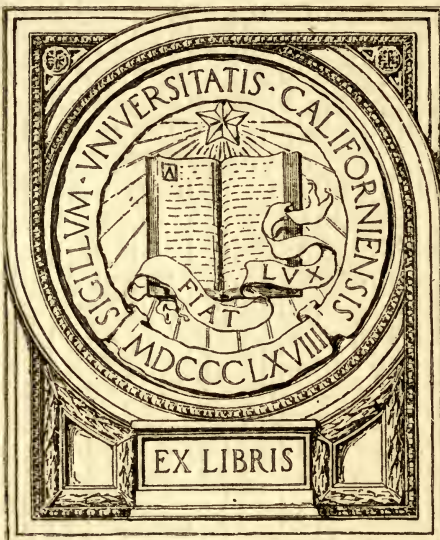


QB 27 643

YC 14457

GIFT OF

Class of 1900



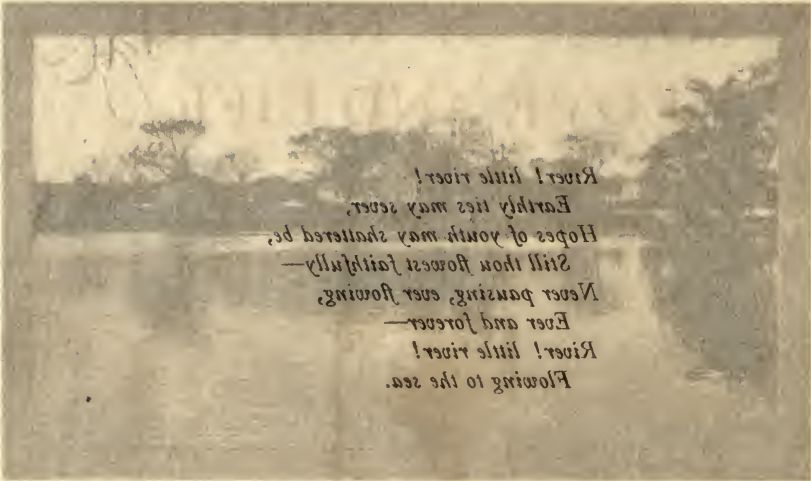
EX LIBRIS

985
N878
2

SONGS OF NATURE LOVE AND LIFE



"LITTLE RIVER"



River! little river!
Flowing to the sea.
River! little river!
Ever and forever—
Never pausing, ever flowing,
Still thou flowest faithfully—
Hopes of youth may shatter'd be,
Early lies may sever,
River! little river!

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SONGS OF NATURE
LOVE AND LIFE

By
JOHN WOOD NORTHUP



"MY SENTINEL."

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS · SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1916
By PAUL ELDER & COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

TO VINU
AMERICA

TO THOSE
DEAR FRIENDS OF THIS
MORTAL LIFE WHO HAVE BEEN TO
ME AN INSPIRATION AND
A BLESSING

362909

CONTENTS

SONGS OF NATURE

	PAGE
NATURE'S CALL	3
CALIFORNIA	5
MONTE CRESTA	8
AN APRIL DAY AT MONTE CRESTA	11
MY SENTINEL	13
THE MYSTERY OF THE STARS	15
THE MUSIC OF THE WIND	17
THE STREAMLET	20
SUNRISE AT MONTE CRESTA	22
SUNSET AT MONTE CRESTA	24
MOUNT TAMALPAIS	25
DRIFTING	29
THE MOUNTAINS	31
SPRING	32
TRUCKEE RIVER	34
LAKE TAHOE	36
LITTLE RIVER	37

SONGS OF LOVE

SING ME A SONG OF LOVE	41
THY GLOWING EYES	43
LULLABY	45
EXPECTANCY	46
DREAMING	47
MY PRAYER	48
LONELINESS	49
IF I COULD CHOOSE AN HOUR	50
FROM A CAR WINDOW	51

	PAGE
A NIGHT-DREAM	53
THE BIRTH OF LOVE	56
A HYMN OF PRAISE	57
A CALIFORNIA LEGEND	58
TWILIGHT	73
MOTHER-LOVE	75
LOVE'S PERFECT WHOLE	76
LOVE'S PASSING	77
UNDERSTANDING	79
IF LOVE SHOULD DIE	80

SONGS OF LIFE

THE TIDES OF LIFE	85
A SABBATH INSPIRATION	88
A NEW YEAR'S PERSPECTIVE	90
MY FRIEND INDEED	92
ADVERSITY	93
ODE TO DEATH	95
MY COUNTRY	96
THE CALL	101
IN THE VALE OF THE GREEN SHENANDOAH	103
THE FLAG	111
LIFE'S JOURNEY	112
THANKSGIVING DAY	114
MY SYMPHONY	116
NEW YEAR'S EVE	118
NIGHT	120
WEARINESS	122
A CHRISTMAS SONG	123
SUCCESS	124

	PAGE
REST	126
PEACE	128
SLEEP	129
TO WASSILY SAFONOFF	131
A PRAYER	133
RETROSPECTION	134
A BURIAL AT SEA	136
INVOCATION	138
THE MARTYRS	139
INTO THE NIGHT	142
CHRISTMAS MEMORIES	144
QUESTIONINGS	145
BOYHOOD MEMORIES	147
MEXICO	149
PEACE	151
JOAQUIN MILLER	152
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1914	155
THE MARCH OF THE HOURS	157
THE SIXTH SENSE	158
HOW I DISCOVERED "LITTLE RHODY!"	159
FAILURE	164

SONGS OF NATURE

NATURE'S CALL

A FLEECY cloud from out the west
Floats in the azure sky;

A pretty bird from out the nest
Sings in the tree-top high;

A zephyr from the wooded crest
Wafts piney odors nigh;

A brooklet from the mountain's breast
Runs laughing, bawling by:

And in that cloud the gentle rain
That nurtures springtime-flowers;

And in that song-bird's dulcet strain
Solace for lonely hours;

And in that zephyr's sighing vein
Comfort for wearied powers;

And in that brooklet's limpid train
Sweet rest 'neath leafy bowers.


Hearken, O man, unto the call
Of Nature in her wooing moods—

The rain, the birds, the brooklet's fall,
The whispering winds in silent woods—

Then shalt thou better understand
The secret of true happiness—

That worldly pleasures, howe'er grand,
Cannot, like Nature, sooth and bless.

CALIFORNIA


 HERE is glory in thy history,
 O California!
 There's a beauty and a mystery

In thy golden legends rare.
 There is wealth within thy mountains,
 There is health beneath thy skies,
 There's tinting in thy flowers
 That with the rainbow vies.

There is grandeur in thy ocean
 O California!

There's a tonic and a lotion
 In the ozone of its air.
 There's abundance in thy valleys,
 There is peace no discord mars,
 There is balm in thy bright sunshine,
 There is rest beneath thy stars.

There is joy in thy completeness,
 O California!

There's a lusciousness and sweetness
 In thy fruits beyond compare.
 There is thunder in thy cataracts,
 There is healing in thy springs,
 There's a note of inspiration
 In thy song-bird when it sings.

There is splendor in thy sunsets,
O California!

There's music in thy streamlets
That banishes all care.

There's ermine on thy mountain-peaks
That pierce the ambient dome,
There's boldness in thy eagle's flights
That makes those peaks his home.

There is vastness in thy forests,
O California!

There's broadness in thy rivers' breasts
Where white-winged vessels fare.

There's richness in thy argosies
That cross the harbor bar,

There's marvel in thy commerce
With Foreign lands afar.

There is welcome at thy Golden Gate,
O California!

There's hospitality innate
Within its portals fair.

There's wondrous industry and thrift,
There's education free,
There's cherishing of high ideals,
There's real philanthropy.

There is greatness in thy destiny,
O California!

There's a marching-on to victory
Beneath thy Golden Bear!

There's a mighty host advancing
Thy heritage to share!

O, be ready to receive them,
My California!

MONTE CRESTA

I KNOW a mountain that looks down
 Upon a sleepy little town;
 And on a valley fair and broad—
 The very "Garden of the Lord!"

O my Mountain, I adore thee!
 I would ever more enjoy thee,
 With thy view, surpassing fine,—
 Exhilarating as old wine;

With thy bay and cypress trees,
 Through which the balmy, scented breeze,
 Straight from Araby the Blest,
 Sings its song of peace and rest:

Ah! thou bring'st me nearer Heaven!
 Thou art the delicious leaven
 Of a busy, restless life,
 With its turmoil, care and strife!

I have seen thee in the sheen
 Of the morning sun;
 I have seen thee capped with clouds
 Ere the day was done.

I have seen the mist
Change to hue of amethyst
On thy brow.

I have seen the snow,
Ermine white,
On thy bosom show.

I have seen the stars
Shine upon thee through the bars
Of the Milky Way.

I have seen the Day
Start upon its way
From thy crest.

I have seen it die
In thy sunset-sky
In the west.

I have seen thee glow,
When the sun was low,
With the dazzling gleams
Of transcendent beams.

I have seen thee in the hush of night,
When the moon shed silvery light

Full upon thy verdant breast,—
When mysterious voices would not let me rest.

Voices that have called to me,
Over land and over sea,
When I was far away;—
Calling me by night and day:

Drawing me—as doth the moon
The swirling tides of ocean on—
To my mountain, ever blest;
To my home upon its crest.

Mountain-home! No more I'd leave thee,
Till angelic voices call me
To that Mountain-Home on high,
Where the flowers never die!

AN APRIL DAY AT MONTE CRESTA

MORNING

GREEN the valley lying there;
Scent of lilac in the air;
Birds are singing everywhere:
Wake! wake! my soul!

AFTERNOON

Drowsy humming of the bees
'Mongst the blossoming apple trees;
Touch of summer in the breeze:
Dream! dream! my soul!

EVENING

Sunset's glow in all the west;
Birds swift-winged to the nest;
Weary Nature going to rest:
Rest! rest! my soul!

NIGHT

Overhead the twilight deep;
O'er the landscape shadows creep:
All the poppies gone to sleep:
Sleep! sleep! my soul!

BENEDICITE

Far above this mountain-height,
From their starry windows bright,
Angel voices call "Good-night!
Peace! peace to thee, O soul!" they cry.

Ring in the moon-lit sky,
Answer echoes sweet and light—
"Peace! peace to thee, O soul!
Good-night! Good-night!"

MY SENTINEL

FOR CENTURIES old thou hast stood
Great monarch of all the green wood!
And still thou art lord of the hill!

At dawn the sun gilds all thy branches,
The moon thy dark outline enhances
When night falls so slumbrous and still.

The birds seek the cool of thy shade
Through the heat that the noontide hath made,
They sleep in the peace of thy bowers.
And under thee, pensively lying,
I watch the glad day slowly dying,
'Mid the bay-leaves and sweet mountain flowers.

The sunset glows red in the west;
Thou foldest each beam to thy breast
As if thou wouldst hold it for aye;
But the long shadows stealthily creep
Over valley and woodland and steep,
And softly the light fades away.

The stars gleam afar in the sky;
The night-birds swoop to thee and cry
And tell thee the secrets of air;
The night-winds so gently caress thee,
And tenderly, lovingly press thee,
And solemnly whisper a prayer.

And thou echoest the voice of the wind,
And I list to thy music and find
Surcease from all trouble and care;
And all through the long, weary night,
In my visions and dreams, sad or bright,
Thou standest, MY SENTINEL, there!

THE MYSTERY OF THE STARS

THE STARS seem nearer to me to-night
 Than they've ever seemed before;
 There is a mystery in their light
 That fills my soul with awe.

I think of all the sons of men,
 Of every race and clime,
 They've shone upon with rays serene
 Since the first dawn of Time.

Yea, e'en before Old Father Time
 His keen scythe first did wield,
 Through long eternities sublime,
 They've held the glistening field.

They crowned the ladder Jacob saw
 On that far-distant night,
 And shed on him, forevermore,
 Their soft, effulgent light.

The wanderer in the wilderness,
 Discouraged, lost, forlorn,
 Lifts weary eyes and them doth bless
 Till night fades into morn.

O, when with problems sore perplexed
And heavy heart within,
My soul by countless trials vexed
And crushed with weight of sin,

I turn mine eyes to starry skies,
I scan the gleaming dome—
Beyond those stars my pathway lies,
Beyond the stars is HOME!

THE MUSIC OF THE WIND

LISTEN to the music of the wind!—
Breathing, whispering, sighing,
In the tree-tops dying—

'Tis the murmuring sea
Softly calling me.
Listen to the music of the wind!

Listen to the breathing of the wind!—
'Tis as if some monster lay
Sleeping Titan-cares away:
O'er the mountains, seas, and lands,
Slow his mighty breast expands.
Listen to the breathing of the wind!

Listen to the wailing of the wind!—
'Tis some soul in pain
Crying in the rain;
'Tis the fiendish swell
From lost souls in Hell.
Listen to the wailing of the wind!

Listen to the whispering of the wind!—
'Tis as if it fain would tell
Secrets it hath kept so well
Since this old world first began—

Secrets of primeval man.

Listen to the whispering of the wind!

Listen to the moaning of the wind!

'Tis some sad heart breaking,

Leave of anguish taking;

'Tis some spirit grieving

O'er sorrows, past relieving.

Listen to the moaning of the wind!

Listen to the sighing of the wind!—

'Tis for hopes forever fled;

'Tis for happiness long dead;

'Tis for love's long-lost desires

Swept by passion's flaming fires.

Listen to the sighing of the wind!

Listen to the rushing of the wind!—

'Tis the breakers' roar

On some distant shore;

'Tis the thunder's-crash

When the lightnings flash.

Listen to the rushing of the wind!

Listen to the cooing of the wind!—

'Tis as when the dove

Calleth to her love;

Or when lovers kiss,
Lost in realms of bliss.

Listen to the cooing of the wind!

Listen to the last sigh of the wind!—

As at break of day

Soft it dies away,

Voices o'er the hill

Whisper "Peace! Be still!"

Listen to the last sigh of the wind!

Listening to the music of the wind,

Through the restless night,

Waiting for the light,

On my couch I lay

Longing for the day,

Listening to the music of the wind!

Listening to the last sigh of the wind,

Now I close mine eyes—

Visions from the skies

Glide with morning's beams


Through my peaceful dreams.

O delicious rest!

Far-off in the west

They listen to the music of the wind!

THE STREAMLET

“HE MUSIC of the spheres”
Falls on our eager ears
When thy low murmur soundeth near,
O streamlet dear!

The whisperings of the breeze
Sigh through the redwood trees,
Yet still thy voices soft we hear,
O streamlet clear!

Upon thy bank we lie,
Our eyes fixed on the sky,
Held spellbound by thy siren song,
O streamlet strong!

The nimble squirrels gray
Among the tree-tops play,
That filter sunbeams on thy breast,
O streamlet blest!

The birds swoop to thy brink
And cooling nectar drink
And bathe each feathery-pinion fleet,
O streamlet sweet!


The length'ning shadows shift,
And rocks their heads uplift
To sentinel thy somber sleep,
O streamlet deep!

And as thy limpid tide
Seeks the vast ocean's side,
Reflecting true, sky, rock and tree,
O streamlet free!—

So run our lives away;
And faster, day by day,
Adown Time's stream we onward glide,
O river wide!

Reflecting on our souls divine
Deeds ill or actions fine,
Until at last we sink, like thee,
Into Eternity!

SUNRISE AT MONTE CRESTA

HE RISING sun
Sheds golden light
On fog-sea,
Lily-white.

The mountain-tops
With purple glow;
The sky-line ruby-tinged;
The valley hid below.

An intermingling of strange sounds
Comes in upon the undertow
Of this weird ocean,
Heaving slow.

As if the weary, waking-world,
Down there, four hundred fathoms deep,
Were calling through the fleecy waves
That roll beneath my feet.

Ah me! the strifes, the hates, the loves
Of those poor mortals, toiling there!
What sufferings, strivings, hopes and fears,
Down in that world of care!

I turn from spectral sea and sound,
And lo! what fairy-land is this,

Where every leaf and bud and flower
Is bending to the sun's first kiss?

The birds are singing in the trees,
The quail are calling on the hill,
The dewdrops glisten on the grass,
The air the blossom-odors fill.

Ah, this indeed is Heaven!
I've crossed that billowy sea:
Those peaks upon its farther shore,
Those sounds of toiling life below,
Are the Old World of Time to me.

The earthly toil and strifes and hates,
The sufferings, strivings, fears,
Lie buried deep beneath that sea—
This is my World! My Heavenly Rest!
My Blest Eternity!

SUNSET AT MONTE CRESTA

I CLIMB the height, lured by the sunset's blaze.
 The mountain stands transfigured in its rays.
 The valley's eastern verge is all aglow,
 While 'neath my feet the gathering shadows grow.
 The wooded range, by flaming splendor crowned,
 Looks down on canyons wrapped in gloom profound.
 Far-out upon the bay a white sail ghostly gleams,
 Reflecting on its swelling breast the dying beams.
 Now, Glory's dazzling tints grow ashen in the west,
 And dusky fingers of the night touch e'en the top-
 most crest.
 Along the far-horizon's rim the pale clouds sleep;
 Around the lower hills fog-phantoms slowly creep.
 The twilight fades into advancing night.
 Yet still the western sky retains a ghastly light—
 A memory of transcendent brightness fled—
 Weird shroud for Day, now vanquished, dead.
 The evening winds sigh softly overhead.
 The darkness falls; Stars dot the violet dome;
 And astral gleamings guide me safely home.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS

WILL YOU long for that mountain-top high,
 With its Titan-rocks piercing the sky,
 And its slopes clad in verdure so green?
 Will you cling to those memories tender
 Of that dying day's slow-fading splendor,
 Of that gray ocean's far-flashing sheen?

Will you dream of that vision supernal—
 Of a sunset with colors eternal,
 Whose tints kiss the fleece of the cloud?
 Will you sigh for that mystical Elf-land,
 And yearn for a home on its bright strand
 Far away from earth's clamor and crowd?

Will you dwell on that last glowing picture
 That filled to o'erflowing with rapture
 Our souls as we stood there enchanted—
 When, with one supreme outburst, the Day-God
 Shot forth his red challenge to Night-God—
 Defiance from Glory levanted?

Will you wish for that night's deepening stillness,
 For the balm of the air and its clearness,
 And the flash of the lighthouse to seaward;
 For the bright, throbbing stars in the heaven,

For the wind's soft caress, with its leaven
Of peace and refreshing from skyward?

Will you think of that walk in the night-light,
With the valleys shut out from our dim sight;
When only the gleam of their myriad lamps
Gave sign that poor mortals under our feet
Pain and sorrow and toil did greet,
As once did we down in those noisome damp?

Will you cherish the thoughts of that moment,
When we three kindred spirits, at-one-ment,
Sat beneath the dark wings of the soft night
And listened to rhymes of dead poet's lines?—
How those cadences sweet to the quick ear declines,
Holding us spellbound, enthralled with delight!

Will you think of the on-coming sun
And with what haste the steep crest we won,
And gazed expectant toward the distant east;
Whose horizon, already flecked with light,
Gave forth rich promise of effulgence bright,
On which our glowing eyes at length did feast?

Will you think of that swift downward leap
From mountain-top to valley deep,
When through the fleeting hours that Sabbath morn

We measured the extremes of depth and height,
 All obstacles o'ercome by spirits light,
 That with each cooling draught again seemed born?

Will you recall that final resting place,
 When, tired and famished, we upon the grace
 Of a kind hostess cast ourselves at last?
 Ah, of what wisdom does the proverb savor!
 For "rest," indeed, "is the sweet sauce of labor."
 And now we rest indeed, all toil and troubles past.

Ah, yes! you will long for that grand mountain-height,
 And cling to soft memories of that dying light,
 And dream that sweet dream of a vision supernal,
 And sigh for that mystical, far-distant land,
 And yearn for a home on its beautiful strand,—
 O prototype fair of that Heaven Eternal!

Ah, yes! you will wish for that night's deepening stillness,
 And oft will you think of that dark walk with gladness,
 And cherish sweet thoughts of that dead poet's lines,
 And think once again of that on-coming sun,
 And of that swift leap ere his course was yet run,
 And of that last rest 'mongst the trees and the vines.

O mountain-top! O dying light!
 O dreaming sweet of vision bright!

O sighing for that fairy-land!
O yearning for that mystic strand!
O wishing for that stilly night!
O thoughts of walk in darkened light!

O cherished thoughts of poet's line!
O beams of rising sun divine!
O leap into the dark unknown!
O peaceful place for rest alone!
Bright vision, seen through sunset's radiant bars,
O, fade not, till we rest beyond the stars!

DRIFTING

FLOAT on a calm summer sea
 With green slopes afar on the lee!
 And I dream as I float

In my tiny boat,
 On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Adrift on a calm summer sea
 With green slopes afar on the lee!
 And with never a care
 I'm drifting there,
 On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Alone on a calm summer sea!
 Hark! the night-birds call to me;
 And the night-lights gleam
 Afar on the beam,
 On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Asleep on a calm summer sea
 While the winds blow cool and free!
 And in dreams of delight
 I drift through the night,
 On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Let me drift on a calm summer sea
 To those green slopes afar on the lee!

Let me drift to those Isles in the West
Where the weary and homesick find rest!
Let me drift on a calm summer sea!

THE MOUNTAINS

"And the strength of the hills is His also."

O MOUNTAIN-PEAKS with ermine clad!
 O swirling, crystal torrents mad!
 O solitary, silent heights,
 Whose sole companions through the lonely nights
 Are eagles' pinions and the throbbing stars,
 I greet thee!

O thou titanic, adamantine rocks,
 That through long ages have withstood the shocks
 Of subterranean forces, mighty beyond ken
 Of all the puny, helpless sons of men,—
 I gaze on thee with wide and awe-struck eyes!
 My soul is humbled to the dust, and cries
 Aloud to the divine Creator of it all—
 "Lord, let me know mine end! O, let me fall
 Upon my knees amidst the solemn stillness of these peaks!
 O, let me here await, in peace, the coming of Thy call!"

SPRING

NOW OFT have poets written of the Spring!
 This joyous time when Nature casts
 Her mantle full in the lap of Mother Earth—
 This birth-time of the birds and trees and flowers.

From myriad branches float the songs they sing—
 Winged-messengers of springtime hope and cheer;
 While at my feet the sweet arbutus glances up
 And brings me back to happy days of youth,

When, through the fragrant fields and leafy woods, a king,
 I strode—monarch of all, it seemed to me,
 So full of rich, strong, vibrant life, I was.
 Ah, then 'twas Spring indeed, for me!

Old noisy Winter, with his frosty sting,
 Had fled discomfited to northern caves
 Before the south-wind's balmy breath,
 And all the happy sprites of Spring
 Danced in one long, mad carnival of glee.

And so doth poor humanity forever cling,
 Through days of wintry darkness chill,
 To thoughts and hopes of a returning Spring,
 When all of life's distress and care and toil
 Shall flee eternally away.

But, O! what of those lives that never ring
 With songs of springtime hope and joy?
 That struggle on through winters of adversity
 Without one single ray of light to rend the gloom?

Into whose dreary span of years there comes no living
 thing

Of love nor bliss nor satisfied desires,—
 Only the icy clutch of hope-deferred forever at the heart,
 The soul benumbed, bewildered with a dumb despair?

Perhaps there'll come a time when these shall fling,
 Full in the face of earthly winter hoar,
 Their cerements of clay, and stand redeemed,
 With faces shining as the sun!

And, kissed by those celestial breezes soft, that bring
 To pallid cheeks the light of peace and joy,
 They'll lift their voices and exultant sing:
 "The winter of our troubled life has fled away!
 O Glorious Clime! God's Country, fair!
 Land of Eternal Spring!"

TRUCKEE RIVER

RIVER, swift! whence flowest thou?
 Dost thou know?
 Born 'mid ice and snow,
 Whirling, madly swirling,
 Ever onward hurling—
 Wave on wave—
 Onward to thy grave.

Seething, hissing, foaming,
 Wayward in thy roaming,
 Heedless of those flowers of lovely hue
 And calm summer-skies of blue
 That greet thee, hurrying past,
 Boisterous to the last—
 Wave on wave—
 Onward to thy grave.

Winter's icy bands strive with thee in vain:
 Turbulent in shine or rain,
 Leaping like a frightened horse,
 Nothing stays thy mad'ning course—
 Wave on wave—
 Onward to thy grave.

Knowest thou thy destiny?—
 That ocean's waste-immensity

Is not thy final bourn?

Of all thy power shorn,
Supine thou'lt sink at last

In the burning sand
Of a silent land—

In Nevada's desert, vast!

Soul of mine! whence goest thou?

Dost thou know
Better than the river's flow?

Whirling, swirling in the strife
Of this fleeting mortal life;
Heedless in thy mad'ning course;

Reaping sorrow and remorse;
Passing all earth's flowers by;
Never gazing in the sky
Of God's Great Benignity—

Soul! what is thy destiny?

Wilt thou lose thyself at last
In some desert, wild and vast?
Sink into the burning sand
In some far-off Silent Land?

LAKE TAHOE

AMBOSOMED 'mongst primeval forests vast,
 And girt about by the eternal hills,—
 Whose ermined peaks look down on thee and smile
 When touched with splendor by the dying sun—
 Tahoe, of sapphire and of emerald hues, I greet thee!

And thou dost answer smile with smile
 Until the last-departing beam hath faded from thy breast:
 And then the hush of night enfolds thee,—
 Unbroken, save for the even-song the tall pines whisper to
 thee,
 And the murmur of the ripples on thy shore.
 The night skies cover thee, as with protecting wings,
 And from their silent depths thou mirrorest in thy depths
 The gleamings of a radiant host of stars.

Good-night to thee! And yet again, good-night!
 Into thy unfathomed deeps I'd cast forever all of the
 sorrows,
 Cares and fruitless seekings of this mortal life,
 And turn from thee regenerated, free,—with face serene
 As is thy face when morning breaks upon thee,
 And ushers in another summer day as peaceful
 As these fleeting Sabbath hours,—
 Reflecting God's Eternal Peace!

LITTLE RIVER

RIVER! little river!
 Tender memories hover
 Round thy every winding turn.

Thoughts of youth within me burn
 As I on thy bosom float.

Thou art ever dear to me,
 River! little river!
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!
 Evening shadows gather
 As the day dies in the west,
 And the young birds seek the nest:
 Then each rock and flower and tree
 Mirrored in thy depths I see,
 River! little river!
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!
 Moonbeams on thee dance and quiver;
 Sunbeams, star-gleams, kiss thee ever;
 Summer breezes soft, caress thee;
 Wintry winds across thee shiver;
 Still thou flowest, changing never,
 River! little river!
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!

Earthly ties may sever,
 Hopes of youth may shattered be,
 Still thou flowest faithfully—
 Never pausing, ever flowing,
 Ever and forever—
 River! little river!


Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!

I am weary of Life's fever—
 Bear—O, bear me to the Giver
 Of all joy and peace and rest!
 Bear me on thy tranquil breast
 To the Islands of the Blest!
 Little river!—Mine forever!—
 Bear me to thy Boundless Sea!
 To thy VAST INFINITY!

SONGS OF LOVE

SING ME A SONG OF LOVE

ING ME a song with love for its theme,—
 Love that's unselfish and pure,
 Love that is boundless and sure—
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—
 Not love that is found in some beautiful dream,
 But every-day love with its laughter and losses,
 Its hopes and its heartaches and crosses—
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—
 Love full of sunshine and joy and thrills,
 The real love, the old love—"old as the hills"—
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—
 The love of a maid with its resplendent gleam,
 As she gives her first kiss to the youth of her choice,
 And knows that she lives but to love and rejoice—
 Sing me a song of love.


Sing me a song with love for its theme,—
 The love that shines forth from the fond mother's eyes
 When close to her bosom her sleeping babe lies—
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—

 The love that's as broad as humanity's scheme,
That noblest of all love, encompassing all,

 The love that in Eden held sway, ere the Fall—
Sing me a song of love.

THY GLOWING EYES


 THY GLOWING eyes so deep, dear,
 Speak of the happy hours
 When hand in hand we wandered
 'Mid fields and springtime flowers.

Thy tender eyes so sweet, dear,
 Tell tales of bygone bliss,
 And memories beset me
 Of one last, lingering kiss.

Thy sparkling eyes so bright, dear,
 Raise me to action fine,
 And noble thoughts possess me—
 True counterparts of thine.

Thy laughing eyes so glad, dear,
 Uplift my heart oppressed,
 Till through its chambers swelling
 Chime anthems of the blest.

Thy mournful eyes so sad, dear—
 The sorrows of the past
 Shall nevermore remembered be
 When these arms hold thee fast.

O wondrous, wondrous eyes, dear!
A spell o'er me they cast
That, strong and sure, shall bind me
Till Life's dream ends at last!

LULLABY

SLEEP, my dear one, sleep!
 Angels guard thy rest!
 Lay thy tired head
 Close against my breast—
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!
 Sorrows all forgot,
 In the dreamland realms
 Bliss shall be thy lot—
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!
 Gone from thee all care;
 Seraphs' songs for thee are ringing
 In the silent air—
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!
 God's own stars gleam on
 To guide thee through the maze of night
 Unto the Perfect Dawn—
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

EXPECTANCY

THE NIGHT-BIRD wings its flight to realms in air;
Soft o'er the mountains falls the purple haze;
And, one by one, the glist'ning stars in heaven
appear,

And over all the sunset's dying blaze:—
The summer day, so beautiful, is done!

Onward I speed into the gathering gloom
Toward one bright star resplendent in the West—
Dear star of love, which shines in every room
Of this enslavèd heart that chafes within my breast—
Patience, O heart! a little longer yet, and Heaven is won!

DREAMING

I DREAM of thee when throbbing stars are shining,
 And all the slumb'ring world is hushed in dark
 repose;

I feel thy yielding arms about my neck entwining,
 While deep within my heart Love's fire resplendent
 glows.

I dream of thee when Dawn its way is winging
 Out of the shadows on blazing pinions fleet;
 I hear the birds in all the tree-tops singing,
 And feel within my soul thy gentle presence sweet.

I dream of thee amid the noontide splendor,
 When in heaven's deeps of blue the white clouds float
 and fade;
 I hear thy voice in accents soft and tender;
 I feel upon my brow dear hands caressing laid.

I dream of thee and life no more is dreary,
 All care and sorrow flee eternally away;
 Then in these arms I'd fold thee close, my dearie,
 And upward sweep with thee to realms of Endless Day!

MY PRAYER

THE LOVE-LIGHT in thine eyes, dear heart,
Dwells ever with me—even in my dreams:
And though in space and time we're far apart,
Thy presence thrills me, stills me, holds me with its beams.

O joy! O peace! O bliss divine!
All, all, is mine, if in thy faithful love I share—
Sun of my soul! O, let me call thee mine!
God bless thee, keep thee, save thee, is my prayer.

LONELINESS

O HEART bereft!
The hours are sad and dreary;
The wings of Time seem leaden;
The way is long and weary—
O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

O heart bereft!
Life seems an endless sorrow;
A somber, joyless day,
Without one glad tomorrow—
O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

O heart bereft!
In loneliness declining,
Know that behind the clouds
The sun is ever shining:
That for each hour of grief and pain,
God gives an hour of joy again—
O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

IF I COULD CHOOSE AN HOUR

IF I COULD choose an hour, dear heart,
 An hour from care and trouble free—
 From all life's worries set apart—
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose an hour, dear heart,
 Full to the brim with joy and glee,
 Afar from men and busy mart,
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose an hour, dear heart,
 When I from earthly bonds might flee,
 Urged on by Love's swift, flaming dart,
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose my final hour—
 The very last in life for me,—
 Helpless, undone, in Death's chill power,
 I'd spend that hour with thee!

FROM A CAR WINDOW

THE MOUNTAINS grand
 On every hand
 Are mantled quite
 In ermine-white.

The sage-brush low
 Droops 'neath the snow
 And Winter's breath
 Brings touch of death.

To leaden skies
 The lone bird cries
 And dreary desolation reigns
 In all the Desert's treeless plains.

But in my heart
 Dwell thoughts apart
 From this chill scene—
 Sweet thoughts serene.

They hurry back
 Along the track
 The iron-horse,
 In madd'ning course,

Hath carried me,
Far, far from thee,
And now thy presence sweet
Fills me with joy complete.

And in this gloom
Rich flowers bloom;
Hope, Love, and Peace are mine,—
Foretaste of Heaven divine!

A NIGHT-DREAM

THE BROODING spirit of the Night
 Holds me as one enthralled!
 Her sable mantle, star-bedight,
 Hath quenched the last, faint, flickering gleams
 Of sunset's dying beams.

The lowing kine no longer call;
 The birds are sleeping in the nests;
 Beneath a subtle, slumbrous pall,
 All Nature rests.

Onward I plunge into the deep'ning night:
 To the four corners of the silent earth—
 East, West, North, South—I look in vain for light;
 For just one solitary human ray
 To guide my lonely way.

I send my voice into the inky void:
 I listen for one single human word
 To cheer my tired soul,
 But no reply is heard.

Upward I lift my face unto God's skies:
 Ah, yes! *His* lamps are burning there—
 Those gleaming, countless, starry-eyes—
 But O, so cold, so far-away they seem,
 As in a dream!

I send into those astral deeps
 A long, wild cry to Him who keeps
 The worlds within the hollow of His hand,
 And e'en the sparrow's fall doth see:
 "O Abba, Father! answer me!
 Guide Thou my stumbling feet!
 I cannot longer stand!"

And lo! His wondrous voice replies
 Out of the ambient skies:
 But O, so cold, so far-away it seems,
 As in a dream!

I raise my heavy hands to Him in sore distrust,
 Then sink bewildered, fainting in the dust:
 I grovel in that stygian darkness there;
 I wrestle with my stricken soul in prayer.

"O Love! Dear Love! canst hear my voice?
 Is this the end?" I cry—
 "O, haste thee on the wings of Night!
 O, stay not for the dawning-light!
 Outstretch to me thy tender arms!
 Else, must I die!"

* * * * *

The song-birds sweet, are waking;
 Her soft hand mine is taking;

The music of her voice is in my ear;
Her glowing eyes upon me shine;
Her tender arms about me twine;
Her throbbing heart beats close to mine—
The morning breaks!
All nature wakes!!
My Love is here!!!

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

LOVE COMES, as comes the blossom sweet—
 With tender care the seed is sown;
 We watch, each morning, for the tiny shoot;
 And lo! at last, we've come into our own.

The rain falls on the parchèd earth,
 The sun's warm splendor follows swift,
 And flowers come forth, kissed by the rain and sun;
 And over all the fleecy cloud doth drift.

Thy gentle presence, like the rain, falls on my parchèd
 heart,
 And follows swift the sunshine of thy smile;
 And Love, the sweetest flower in earth or Heaven, is born;
 And soft, entrancing music drifts o'er my soul the
 while!

A HYMN OF PRAISE

SING, O my soul, thy hymn of praise!
 Shout forth to highest heaven thy joy;
 Join thou the song-birds' morning lays;
 Sing, O my soul! Angelic notes employ.

Sing, O my heart, the sweet refrain of love!
 Break every evil bond that binds thee to the Past;
 Catch thou grand harmonies from the choirs above;
 Sing, O my heart! for love now holds thee fast.

Sing, O my life, a long, triumphant song!
 Crush to the earth each mean, unworthy thought;
 Rise in thy power and smite the hosts of Wrong;
 Sing, O my life! for love thy soul hath bought.

Rise then, my soul! My heart! My life!
 Send ringing down the years kind words and actions fine;
 Gird on thine armor, enter bold the strife;
 Sing with thy dying breath, "Love's Heaven is mine!"

A CALIFORNIA LEGEND

I.

A BEAUTIFUL legend is told
 By the Klamaths—once war-like and bold—
 Of Ahwahnee, the fairest of maids,
 And Owayno, the God of the Sun,
 Who many a fair maid had won
 As at evening she strolled in the glades.

The swift, dazzling gleam of his smile
 The eyes of each maid did beguile;
 But swifter the clasp of his arm
 As he folded them close to his breast
 And swept to his caves in the west,
 And the sunset's ineffable calm.

But of *real love* he never had heard:
 His heart was as free as the bird
 That wakes at the first touch of dawn
 And sees on the blue mountain-height
 The torch of the Sun-God alight,
 And greets it with rapturous song.

Now, Ahwahnee was loved by a youth,—
 The son of the great chief Karsooth—
 Who among all the Klamaths was known

As the mightiest hunter and brave
That ever the Great Spirit gave
Their proud tribe—the noble Kahsoon.

And the love of Kahsoon was returned
By the gentle Ahwahnee, who learned
From her master and lord many things:
How the bear lay asleep all the winter;
How the deer and the panther did enter
The snares that were set by the springs.

And how the industrious beaver,
That cunning and marvelous weaver
Of sticks and of stones, built his wigwam
In the depths of the swift-flowing river,
With its rush and its gleam and its quiver
Through the forest in sunshine and storm.

And of the great grizzly bear
That Kahsoon bravely tracked to his lair.
And she saw the deep scars at his throat
That the monster had made ere he died
With the knife of Kahsoon in his side,—
Who swooned with the pain, as he smote.

And then of the terrible battle,
When the Modocs, with war-whoop and rattle

Of war-drum, swooped down on the slumbering village.
And how, after long hours of fighting,
The mauraunders saw victory alighting,
And began their red plunder and pillage.

How the rising sun, scorching and red,
Looked down on the field of the dead
Where the Klamaths had made their last stand:
How the wail of the women, grief-ridden,
Who in the dark forest lay hidden,
Was borne through the desolate land.

How, afar in the heart of the mountains,
Where the limpid streams gush forth like fountains,
Kahsoon and his band of young warriors
Were hunting the panther and bear,
When clear through the still morning air
Rose the yells of the fiendish destroyers.

How, on his wild steed, at the sound,
He swept, like the wind, o'er the ground,
With his followers close at his back—
On! On! with the speed of the wind,
Till the trail of the spoilers they find,
And madly they follow the track.

On! On! Through the heat of the noon,
Till the westering sun reached the zone

Of the night, and the bright California moon
 Shed its beams o'er the Modocs' wide path,
 They swept in their fierce, silent wrath,
 And prayed that their vengeance come soon.

At last the encampment-fires gleam
 By the side of a slow-running stream,
 And Kahsoon and his warriors alight:
 To the spot where the Modocs lie sleeping,
 All unconscious of foes on them creeping,
 They stealthily glide through the night.

The tomahawk's swift, silent fall
 Cleaves the heads of the sentinels, all—
 No time for the death-song is given;
 But the death-rattle sounds in the throat,
 And the howls of the dogs rise and float,
 And with war-whoops the still air is riven.

Now, the rush of the battle is on!
 Though outnumbered an hundred to one
 The Klamaths fall quick on the foe:
 The play of their lances, swift-flashing,
 The whirl of their arrows, swift-crashing,
 Cause the Modocs' red life-blood to flow.

And Kahsoon, in the thick of the fight,
 Hews down to the left and the right

The fiends that encircle him round;
 Until all about him are lying
 Great heaps of the dead and the dying,
 While torrents of blood drench the ground.

And now, straight before him there stands,
 With knife and with lance in his hands,
 Oneco, the great Modoc chief;
 And Kahsoon, in a voice full of scorn,
 Calls him squaw-man, and coward, and fawn,
 And liar, and boaster, and thief.

And Oneco returns gibe for gibe—
 Tells Kahsoon that he never will live
 To see the first gleam of the dawn;
 And then hand to hand they engage,
 And fierce is the struggle they wage,
 While Klamath and Modoc look on.

Till Kahsoon, with a masterful thrust,
 Lays Oneco, the great, in the dust,
 And severs the scalp from his head;
 While the Modocs in terror are flying,
 At sight of their chieftain there, dying—
 Flying back to their great Lava Bed.

II.

Ahwahnee these tales oft had heard
From the lips of her master and lord,—
 These tales, and a great many more;
And she listened with eyes brightly beaming,
The love in her heart each day seeming
 Far stronger than each day before.

And they sat in the hush of the evening,
When the notes of the whippoorwill blending
 With the cricket's sweet, low plaintive song,
Made music that banished all sadness,
And filled all the night with its gladness,
 While the tide of their love swept along.

And they talked of the day, yet to come,
When his wigwam should be, too, her home,
 And she kissed him, and whispered her love;
And she said: "I will follow, Kahsoon,
As the green sea doth follow the moon—
 Be as true as the bright stars above!

"With bright feathers thy war-lance shall glow;
I will make for thee arrows and bow,
 And with skill weave thy moccasin beads;
And when the sun sinks in the west

I will make a soft bed for thy rest
 Out of pine boughs and sweet tule-reeds.

“For thee all the burdens will bear;
 From the deer thou dost kill will prepare
 The choicest of savory food;
 And when the dread fever hath laid
 Its hand on Kahsoon’s aching head,
 I will steep him herbs that are good.”

And so spake Ahwahnee the fair,
 To her master and lord sitting there
 In the hush of the evening so still;
 And on his broad breast soft she lay,
 And he watched till the fingers of Day
 Made their imprint on woodland and hill.

III.

Now the legend doth say, you have heard,
 That the Sun-God knew never a word
 Of love—that bewildering thing!
 Notwithstanding the maids he had won,
 Owayno, the God of the Sun,
 Was untouched by its maddening sting,

Until one balmy evening in May,
 When in ambush he stealthily lay

In the glade where the maidens did walk,
 He saw, in the gleam of his smile,
 Ahwahnee stroll down the green aisle,
 And softly behind her did stalk.

And he flashes his bright golden beams
 'Cross the path of the maiden, who dreams,
 As she walks, of the noble Kahsoon;
 Then, as she turns, her slow steps to retrace,
 The Sun-God sends full in her face
 Those gleams that all maidens have won.

But not so with Ahwahnee the fair,
 Who is standing, so beautiful, there;
 For the warm, glinting rays in her eyes
 Doth neither bewitch nor beguile,
 As she waits, all so pensive, the while,
 And Owayno looks down in surprise.

And whence comes this pang of unrest
 As he sweeps to his caves in the west
 And the sunset's ineffable calm?
 With chagrin he hath found that his dart
 Hath failed to reach Ahwahnee's heart,
 While his own hath been pierced by her charm.

IV.

And thus the great Owayno heard
Of love—O, the marvelous word!—

And he felt all the pangs that it brings—
The longings, the sighings, the moanings,
The miseries, happiness, groanings,
Of poor mortals who suffer its stings!

And eve after eve in the glade
The Sun-God in green ambush laid
For Ahwahnee, who walked in his beams;
But try as he did every wile,
This maiden he failed to beguile,
For the noble Kahsoon filled her dreams.

And so, with the sting and the smart
Of love unrequited, his heart
Grew heavy with anguish and pain;
For his passion was vivid and real—
Such as only the great gods can feel—
But he longed for Ahwahnee in vain.

For the maid to Kahsoon now was wed;
And when Owayno heard it, he said:
“My curse on the mortals of Earth!
In winter no more will I shine!

In summer, the maize and the vine
I will kill at the moment of birth!"

So in winter he sulked in his cave
And no warmth to the Klamaths he gave,
And thousands died under his curse:
But the fate that remained for the rest,
When the Sun-God came back from the West,
Was even a thousand times worse.

For when, in the first days of Spring,
The maize, vines, and every green thing
Gave promise of plenteous store,
Owayno's fierce, blistering rays
Beat down on them through the red haze,
And they withered and died, evermore!

Then Famine stalked through all the land,
And fair California's strand
Was piled high with the corpses of men;
And Kahsoon laid his head on the breast
Of Ahwahnee and sank to his rest,
As he blessed her again and again.

And then came the terrible rain,
As Owayno now sent back again
The waters he's stored in the sky;

And higher and higher the flood
 Rose, until the whole land was submerged,
 Except one sharp mountain-peak high.

And there on that peak, all alone,
 Ahwahnee, her face turned to stone,
 Sat watching the black waters roll;
 And she sent up an agonized cry
 That reached to the depths of the sky:
 "Kahsoon! O, receive thou my soul!"

Far above, in the heart of a cloud,
 Heard the Sun-God the cry of his love,
 And straight through the mist and the rain
 He flashed his bright beams on the rock
 To which Ahwahnee clung, 'midst the shock
 Of the turbulent waters, in vain:

For the swirl of the ravaging flood
 Swept over the spot where she stood
 And she sank 'neath the surge of the wave;
 But she rose in a moment, and soon
 Felt the rays of the God of the Sun,
 And heard his far-call—"I will save!"

Then on each drop that held her entombed
 He focused the blaze of his sun,

And, swifter than lightning's sharp glare,
 Drew her up to his bright home above,
 And cried: "Ahwahnee! My light and my love!"
 And kissed her, and stroked her soft hair.

v.

And she lay for a moment at rest
 'Midst the life-giving beams on his breast,
 Then uplifted her beautiful head;
 But he pressed her again to his heart,
 And whispered "No more shall we part!"
 And Ahwahnee made answer, and said:

"Great Sun-God, I owe thee my life;
 And, for this, will become now thy wife;
 But I cannot bring to thee the boon
 Of a life and a heart full of love,
 For true as the bright stars above,
 I remain to my husband, Kahsoon!

"I know never more I shall see
 His face, that is dearer to me
 Than all else in that old world or this,
 But I'm sure in the Great Spirit's Land,—
 Perchance on some beautiful strand—
 My Kahsoon walks in infinite bliss!"

The anguish, the pain, the surprise,
 That shone in Owayno's clear eyes,
 Moved the gentle Ahwahnee to tears,
 And, prostrate, she cried: "Take my life!
 Take my blood!
 O thou noble Sun-God!
 But leave me the love of past years!"

VI.

And Owayno, the Sun-God, looked down
 On that fair face and quivering form,
 And there came to his tear-bedimmed eyes
 A look of compassion, so tender and real,
 Such as only the great gods can feel,
 And as soft as his own sunset skies.

And he lifted her up, with the grace of a god,
 And cried: "Kahsoon shall again be thy husband and lord!
 O Ahwahnee! My love and my lost!
 Ah! It never was meant that the great gods should win
 The love of the children of men!
 O Ahwahnee! My love and my lost!

"And the flood on the earth shall subside
 When my beams its deep waters hath dried,
 And thy race shall inherit the land;

And fairer than ever before
 That old world shall be, evermore—
 Only blessings shall fall from my hand.

“And, for thy sake, I never again
 Will withhold from thy people the rain,
 Nor kill the young maize, nor the vine;
 And for thy sake, no more in the winter
 The Frost-God their wigwams will enter:
 And this promise I give thee and thine.”

VII.

Then, straight to the beautiful strand
 Of the Great Spirit's fair, happy land,
 He shot forth the beams of his sun,
 And they caught up Kahsoon, walking there,
 And swept back with him, through the clear air,
 To Owayno's bright, far-distant home.

And there, on the fleece of a cloud,
 Knelt Ahwahnee, her lovely face bowed
 In the passionate longing of prayer;
 And then through the tremulous gleams
 Of the Sun-God's rich, translucent beams,
 She saw her Kahsoon standing there.

And she fell in his arms with a cry
 That rang e'en to the Great Spirit's sky—

“Kahsoon! O my husband! My lord!”
 For a moment Owayno looked on,
 Then swept from their sight and was gone.
 And, weeping, they cried—“Come back!
 O thou noble Sun-God!”


And out of the silence and dazzling flame
 Of transcendent splendor and glory, there came
 A wild echo from far-heights above:
 “It never was meant that the great gods should win
 The love of the children of men!
 O Ahwahnee! My lost and my love!”

* * * * *

And the Klamaths believe the sweet legend,
 And when the rain falls on the parched land,
 Bringing promise of harvest and cheer,
 They say: “ ’Tis Ahwahnee, returning
 To Earth with her love and her yearning
 For home and her people, so dear!”

And when, the blessed rain over,
 The sun rends the dark clouds that cover
 His face in the afternoon-sky,
 And they see his beams drawing up water,
 They cry: “ ’Tis Ahwahnee, our daughter,
 Returning to Kahsoon on High!”

TWILIGHT


 HERE is an hour,
 'Twixt daylight and the dark,
 When tender recollections come to me,—
 Sweet memories that overpower
 All else of place or time or sense.

Soft then the touch of her dear hands,
 Our tears, commingling, fall again;
 Her soul speaks to my soul; her heart
 Is bound to mine with tender bands
 Of love and joy and everlasting trust.

The deepest depths are stirred again;
 Surpassing fair all life unto me seems;
 The Present full of noble thoughts and aims;
 The Future holds no haunting shadows then;
 Gone all the sorrow, passion, pain.


O twilight hour! I long for thee
 That I may live again those moments dear;
 O, haste thee on Time's leaden wings
 And bring my lost love back to me!

And when Life's twilight falls on me,
 And death-damps dim my glazing eyes,

And stalking through the gloom I see the specters of
 Eternity,
 O, let not memories then be mine,
 But blessed, sweet reality!

Her warm breath on my icy cheek,
 Her dear lips pressed against mine own,
 Her sobbing farewells in my failing ear,
 Her soft hand clasping my cold hand,
 I'll gently pass into the Silent Land!

MOTHER-LOVE


 E MAY well say that love is the lever
 That moveth this old world forever.
 Yet, love hath so many gradations,
 So many poor adulterations,
 That pure love's exceedingly rare.

There's the love that is worldly and sordid,
 Where only one's self is accorded
 The right to the best on Life's table,
 And, like unto the fox in the fable,
 Wants also the other's poor share.

And there's love like the dog's for his master,
 Whose footsteps he'll follow the faster
 When he knows there's a bone to be given;
 And when he the choice morsel hath riven,
 Will lie down content with his fare.

But there's one love that's ever unfailing,
 Over all of Life's trials prevailing;—
 I'm sure that the Lord looked on it and smiled,
 When he gave to the mother her love for her child.

LOVE'S PERFECT WHOLE

I KNOW a woman with such tender eyes,
 That just to gaze into their deeps
 Is like a glimpse of Paradise.

I know a woman with such wondrous lips,
 That just to touch them with mine own
 Thrills to the very finger tips.

I know a woman with a smile so sweet,
 That just to bask in its bright beams
 Fills me with joy complete.

I know a woman with a heart so true,
 That if Love can but enter there
 Love then is born anew.

I know a woman with a soul so pure,
 No earthly dross can tarnish it,
 No worldly wiles may lure.

And in this woman's tender eyes,
 Her smile so sweet, her wondrous lips,
 Her heart so true and her pure soul,
 I find Love's perfect whole.

LOVE'S PASSING

LOVE came to my humble dwelling,
Gently tapped upon the door:
Gazed I at her from my window—
Fairer face ne'er seen before!

"Let me in!" she cried, entreating,
"I have come to sup with thee!"
Still I lingered at the casement,
Till I could no longer see.

"Let me in! The night's advancing!
I am weary, hungry, cold!"
Then the door I quickly opened,
Took her in my arms so bold,

Set her down before the fire,
Placed before her food and wine;
All the room seemed now transfigured
With celestial light divine.

Then I knelt beside her softly,
Drew her close unto my breast,
Felt her heart-throbs, heard her sighings,
Watched her gently sink to rest.

Then my eyelids, too, grew heavy;
 Fainter now the firelight's glow;
 And without, the wind's low moaning,
 And the swirling, blinding snow.

Into dream-realms now I'm drifting
 Bearing Love upon my heart;
 O the thought, so full of rapture,
 Never more from her to part!

* * * * *

Light of dawn bursts through the window;
 Sunbeams fall upon her head;
 Waking now, I gaze upon her—
 God have mercy! Love is dead!!

UNDERSTANDING

PERHAPS there'll come a time,
 It may be on some fair far-distant strand
 Beyond the portals of Eternal Light,
 When you and I will meet, and understand
 What now in this old world seems hidden from our sight.

Ah, then we'll understand
 The why and wherefore of that sweet delight
 That came to us, as comes the chariot of the dawn
 Out of the mists and shadows of the night
 By steeds of flaming splendor drawn,
 And then was turned to ashes in our grasp.

Ah, then we'll understand
 The meaning of that parting clasp,—
 How useless were the tears we shed
 Over dear hours forever fled,
 Over fond hopes now shattered—dead!

Yes, some day from our eyes the scales will fall,
 And we shall know the meaning of it all—
 Some day we'll understand.

IF LOVE SHOULD DIE

IF LOVE should die,
 What would become of this old world!
 Who then would heed the helpless infant's cry,
 Weak, starving at a stoic-mother's breast?
 If love should die.

If love should die,
 Where then the hopes and longings of young lives?—
 The sweet caress, the kiss, the blissful sigh,
 The dear, delicious touch of lovers' hands?—
 If love should die.

If love should die,
 Who then would heavy burdens bear
 Of those who crushed and bleeding lie?—
 No word of cheer, no pitying eye,
 If love should die.

If love should die,
 Who then would heed the springtime flowers?
 Or song-birds singing in the sky?
 Or catch the incense on the summer breeze?
 If love should die.

If love should die,
 Where then the power of moon or sun

Or glist'ning, starry worlds on high,
 To cheer the weary wanderer's way?
 If love should die.

If love should die,
 Who then would watch the fleeting breath
 Or listen to the last good-bye
 Of mortal on the brink of Death?
 If love should die.

If love should die—
 Ah, then all Nature would be dead,
 And earthly hopes and happiness would fly
 Into the realms of Chaos and Despair!
 If love should die.

If love should die?—
 Take courage, doubting heart;
 God is forever nigh.
 His sun and moon and stars shine on;
 All Nature radiates His smile:

His love humanity forever thrills,
 And ever-faithful, everlasting is:
 Strong, sure, eternal as the hills,
 Love shall not, *cannot* die!

SONGS OF LIFE

THE TIDES OF LIFE

FLOOD-TIDE of HOPE! Flood-tide!
 When all of Youth's bright dreams
 Are surely to come true in after years.
 Flood-tide of HOPE! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of FAITH! Flood-tide!
 Faith in his God, his Country and his fellow-men;
 Faith in himself 'gainst all the world.
 Flood-tide of FAITH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of LOVE! Flood-tide!
 When all of bliss that earth can hold—
 That ever was or ever can be—all is his.
 Flood-tide of LOVE! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of WEALTH! Flood-tide!
 His Midas-touch turns all to gold,
 And Mammon bows obsequious to his will.
 Flood-tide of WEALTH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of POWER! Flood-tide!
 When to his purposes and ends
 He bends the very elements themselves.
 Flood-tide of POWER! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of FAME! Flood-tide!
 His name is on the lips of all the world,
 And on Ambition's dizzy height he stands alone.
 Flood-tide of FAME! Flood-tide!

* * * *

Ebb-tide of HOPE! Ebb-tide!
 Youth's roseate dreams begin to vanish now;
 And Courage, gasping out its life, dies at the helm,
 And Fear, ascendant, rides the billows of an angry sea.
 Ebb-tide of HOPE! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of FAITH! Ebb-tide!
 Misfortune sears his soul;
 And doubts of God, of Country, of his fellow-men,
 And of himself lie heavy on his breaking heart.
 Ebb-tide of FAITH! Ebb-tide.

Ebb-tide of LOVE! Ebb-tide!
 He stands beside the open grave,
 And, one by one, gives back to Mother Earth
 His loved-ones, all, and to him lost for aye.
 Ebb-tide of LOVE! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of WEALTH and FAME and POWER! Ebb-tide!
 In penury and want he walks alone, alone!
 The mem'ries of the past are but as daggers to him now.
 Ebb-tide of WEALTH and FAME and POWER! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of LIGHT and TIME and SENSE! Ebb-tide!
 He gropes in darkness through the weary hours,
 An infant once again—strange law of life!
 Ebb-tide of LIGHT and TIME and SENSE! Ebb-tide!

* * * * *

Flood-tide of DARKNESS and of DEATH! Flood-tide!
 This tired soul is dropping off to sleep;
 And earthly HOPE and FAITH and LOVE
 And earthly FAME and POWER, are all forgotten now!
 Flood-tide of DARKNESS and of DEATH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of heavenly PEACE and JOY! Flood-tide!
 Upward through starry worlds, swifter than lightning's
 flash,
 His spirit wings its flight; and angel voices welcome him;
 And heavenly HOPE and FAITH and LOVE
 And heavenly FAME and POWER, eternally are his!
 Flood-tide of heavenly PEACE and JOY!! Flood-tide!!!

A SABBATH INSPIRATION

A SABBATH stillness falls on me,
 E'en though the thunder of the train
 Is ever in mine ears.

The peace that passeth understanding
 Floods every secret chamber of my soul,
 Like tides of ocean, sweeping o'er the land.

Heart, senses, spirit,—every fibre of my being—
 Reflect the glorious beauty of this day.
 Life never seemed before so full of sentient happiness
 And very joy of living.
 I lift my voice to God and thank Him,
 From my very soul of souls, for life! life!! life!!!

At peace with all the world,
 My heart goes out to every living soul.
 Every good and perfect thing on earth
 I would fall down before and worship.

All that in Nature most delightful is—
 The beauties of the earth, the sky, the sea—
 All, all appeals to me.
 The aspiring souls of every race and clime
 Are to my own soul knit by a compelling, boundless sym-
 pathy.

Leap forth, my soul, and gather to thyself
That universe of souls!
Sweep through the wide, wide world,
My heart of hearts, and draw unto thyself
All other hearts that love as thou dost love!
And lay thy trophies at the feet of Him
Who sitteth on the Throne!
Whose love all-perfect, all-pervading is;
Who is, Himself, the very Essence of All Love!

A NEW YEAR'S PERSPECTIVE

TIME is ever winging,
 Hearts are ever clinging
 To the memories of the past—
 Clinging to the last.

The past is dead, my friend:
 Dwell not in it to the end.
 To the future turn thine eyes;
 See what in it, for thee, lies.

It hath work that must be done—
 Work from dawn to set of sun.
 Work, with eyes fixed on the goal,
 Inspiration in thy soul

To do the thing next to thy hand.
 Let Duty draw thee with a silken band—
 Not chain thee with strong links of steel.
 In all Life's duties pleasure feel.

Thou canst not live for self alone
 While poor humanity lies prone
 Beneath a weary weight of care,
 Of pain, of sorrow, of despair.

Thy brother's keeper ever, thou:
 For his shortcomings must allow,
 And look with charity, surpassing-kind,
 On sins and errors thou in him dost find.

If thou wouldst greater knowledge gain,
 If thou broad culture wouldst attain,
 Achieve it with the noble purpose in thy soul
 To use it to uplift the fallen ones: Enroll

Thy talents, knowledge, culture, in the cause
 Of country and humanity and wiser laws.
 Thy Country needs the best that thou canst give;
 Humanity, instruction how to live.

So shalt thou find thy place in this old world:
 And, having found, stand firm, with banner bright unfurled;
 And there shall rally round thee hosts of noble men,
 Who'll cry to thee—"Lead on again!"

Awake! Arise! Shake off thy slothful sleep!
 Work! for the morn is here! The shadows deep
 Press close behind the sun! Soon night will come,
 And Master's voice will call the gleaner home!


MY FRIEND INDEED

IS HE who quaffs with me,
 Beneath blue skies serene,
 Life's brimming cup of joy,
 And walks with me when Fortune smiles,
 My friend? Perhaps!

But when the skies are overcast
 And thunders mutter and the lightnings flash,
 And fickle Fortune's smile hath vanished, quite,
 And with adversity and pain I fight
 And drink the bitter dregs of Sorrow's cup—

Who stands beside me like the rock?
 And whispers—"Lean on me, thou stricken one!"
 And cheers me, comforts me, consoles?
 He is my friend in very deed:
 I have no need to say—"Perhaps!"

ADVERSITY


 HE TRAIN sweeps past
 A corn-field stricken by the blast.
 Each stalk hath bowed its head,
 E'en to the very ground.

Soon 'twill be withered, dead;
 No care may save, no help be found.

Ah me! the bitter thought
 Of that poor husbandman
 As he surveys the ruin wrought
 By forces he must bow before
 As did those stalks but yesterday—
 Bright hopes of harvest, fled forevermore;
 The fruits of labor turned to swift decay.

Ah me! the world-worn sons of men
 Who bow before the blast
 Of elemental forces, far beyond their ken;
 Who see the fruits of life-long toil
 Turn into dust and ashes at the end:

Who stand beside the open grave
 And hear the clods upon their dear dead fall,
 And feel that all the care and tenderness
 They've lavished on the lifeless-one hath been in vain;

And in their anguish, desolation, pain,
 Cry to the heavens to give them back again
 Those they have lost for aye.

O stricken soul, look up into the sky!
 Beyond the stars the Father stands
 And welcomes to celestial lands,
 The weary, toil-worn sons of men.
 Have faith and hope, and thou shalt find
 Amid Life's stress and wild alarms,
 Beneath thee, ever strong and sure,
 His tender, everlasting arms!

ODE TO DEATH

NO MORTAL yet hath conquered thee, O Death!
 No mortal bribed thee, ever.
 But some have gone to thy embrace with shouts
 of victory

Upon their lips. With hands outstretched have some,
 Discouraged, tired of life, entreated thee to take them from
 The world. Others, in abject terror, have groveled in the
 dust

At thy approach and begged thee for a few more fleeting
 hours.

And some have gladly given themselves to thee
 That others might a little longer live.

Mothers, in awful anguish, have plead with thee
 To loose thy icy clutch on children's throats;
 Fathers have plead for sons, sisters for brothers, friends for
 Friends. Yet wert thou still inexorable, O cruel Death!
 For thou hast claimed them all—hast taken them, every
 one.

But where,—where hast thou taken them, O Death?
 Are they as naught,—insentient atoms lost in stygian
 shades?

Or do their disembodied spirits walk in Fields Elysian
 'Mongst fragrant flowers which thy touch canst not
 wither?

Answer, O Death!—Answer this cry of sorrow-smitten sons of
 Men through all the ages!

MY COUNTRY

Lines written on entering New York Harbor after a trip to Europe.

THROUGH the long morning hours
 The dense, cold fog has mantled our great ship,
 Shutting from eager eyes the shores of that dear
 land

We long again to see.

And now, at last, we've shaken off that fleecy garment
 Of the deep,

And standing with upraised arm, full in the forefront
 Of our view,

A mighty statue looms majestic in the noonday sun.

Colossal warder of that teeming mart she stands,
 Holding aloft her burnished torch to enlighten all the
 world.

And, as with glistening eyes we gaze on her, she seems to
 say:

"Beyond me lies thy heritage, thy native home, dear land
 of liberty!

Not quite three hundred years ago, a trackless, silent
 waste, was here:

A silence broken only by the shouts of savage men
 More cruel than the beasts of prey themselves that
 roamed the forests vast.

“And then proud nobles came from far-off Albion’s Isle,
 with charters from the King,
 And founded in Virginia’s wilds a home;
 And towns sprang up, only to be laid low again by ruthless Indian bands.

“And now the fame of this new land is wafted back to
 England old,
 And Pilgrim Fathers cross the wintry seas—fleeing from
 persecutions dire—
 To seek upon New England’s shores, ‘Freedom to worship God!’
 And then, from horrors of red Saint Bartholomew,
 A wretched band of Huguenots brave the ocean-wastes
 And find a refuge on fair Carolina’s coast.

“With famine, pestilence, and ambush of relentless foes,
 Did these three groups of exiles bravely fight;
 Each from the other sundered by primeval forests dense,
 Yet each with aims and purposes the same—
 To wrest from Nature and the hands of barbarous men,
 a great domain,
 Wherein should dwell freedom of conscience, equal rights,
 and brotherhood fraternal.

"Thus, from the loins of those tried men and true,
 The nucleus of a nation sprang:
 And when oppression's heavy hand was by the Mother-
 Country on them laid,
 The Thirteen Colonies, as a single man, rose in their might
 And broke the bonds that held them to that nation
 old across the sea.
 For independence then they cried! For independence,
 through long years,
 They fought and bled and died!

"Then, from the fiery crucible of war, a nation great was
 born;
 Whose hands, outstretched across the sea, beckoned to all
 the oppressed to come
 And taste the sweets of freedom 'neath the stripes and
 stars.
 And Erin's famine-stricken sons replied; and Polish Pa-
 triot's took up the cry;
 And Teuton Races caught the glad refrain; and swarthy
 sons of Italy,
 Striking hands with Norsemen's children, hither came;
 All finding in this favored land that which the lands of
 their nativity denied.

“Almost a century hath flown; and with the years
 The Nation’s fame hath reached to earth’s remotest
 bounds
 And she become the wonder of the world.

“And yet, within her breast, she bears a festering wound
 That threatens e’en the Union’s life itself.
 And now, black clouds of civil war roll upward to the
 heavens.

To cut away this cancerous growth men into battle rush:
 Brother strives with brother, father slaughters son, upon
 the bloody field.

The North and South divided stand, and all the world
 looks on, with bated breath,
 As mighty hosts of armed men reel ’midst the shock of war.

“Four years of bitter strife—two million men have given
 up their lives—

Then comes the end. A mighty shout goes thund’ring
 round the world—

“The Union’s saved! And Slavery is forever dead!”

“And now, regenerated, free, the Nation sets her face
 again

Toward the mark of her high destiny.

Great enterprises spring up in a single night, and wealth
 is multiplied a thousandfold.

Where once the Red-Man made his stealthy way along
 some secret by-path,
 The iron-horse now rushes onward with terrific speed.
 And thus the plains and mountains of the West are con-
 quered,
 E'en to the broad Pacific's rim—the Nation's breast ex-
 panding with the years."

This, then, the land, and this its people free,
 Which thou art placed to guard, O statue great!
 Fulfill thy mission grand through all the coming years!
 Let thy illumined torch be Freedom's light, enlightening
 every man who cometh to thee
 Seeking here a home free from Oppression's hand!
 Send forth its dazzling rays into the darkest corners of
 the globe,
 Until the enslavèd souls of every race and clime shall
 bathe in the divine effulgence of its beams,
 And, seeing, shall take heart again and cry—"America!
 The hope of all the world!"

THE CALL

HEAREST again the call, my soul?—
The call that through long years
Hath sounded in thine ears
Like far-off thunder's roll?
Hearest again the call?
And wilt thou shrink again and fall?

Hearest again the call, my soul?
Shall thickets dark beset again thy way,
Without one friendly ray
To guide thee to the goal?—
Without one gleam to cheer thee on
To meet the Glorious Dawn?

Hearest again the call, my soul?
Awake! Arise!
Gaze into Freedom's eyes!
From her thy inspiration draw;
Lay every weight aside,
Stay Greed's besetting tide
Forevermore!

Hearest again the call, my soul?
Awake! Arise! Put on thy strength,
Until at length

Thou standest in the forefront of the fray
Ready the foe to smite,—
Ready to die for Freedom's sway!

Hearest again the call, my soul?
Then plunge into the strife!
Fight for thy Country's life!
Grapple with those who dare
E'en her dishonor share!
Strike in the gathering gloom!
Strike with the sword of doom!

Hearest again the call, my soul?
O'er thee her banner see—
Stars, stripes, forever free!
And, ringing in the sky,
Hear thou God's battle-cry!
See thou His fiery cross flaming on high!
Hark thou! He calls to thee:
"This sign shall ever be token of Victory!"

IN THE VALE OF THE GREEN SHENANDOAH

'TIS NIGHT on the green Shenandoah:
 From the south comes the rumble and roar
 Of the guns of the battling hosts,—
 Contending for mastery there
 Of a valley more wondrously fair
 Than those far-famed Ausonian coasts.

And the night-wind's soft sigh in the trees,
 And those stars the young sentinel sees
 In the depths of the infinite dome,
 Bring thoughts of the coming of peace,
 When war, with its horrors, shall cease—
 Bring visions of mother and home.

'Tis night on the green Shenandoah:
 And nearer the rumble and roar
 Of the guns of the battling hosts:
 And fainter the low camp-fire gleams
 In the eyes of that golden-haired boy,
 As he sinks into slumber and dreams
 Of mother and home-coming joy.

'Tis night on the green Shenandoah:
 And nearer and nearer the rumble and roar
 Of the guns of the battling hosts:
 But that golden-haired sentinel sleeps

As the light of the dawn slowly creeps
O'er the hills of the green Shenandoah.

Asleep at his post on the green Shenandoah:

And nearer, still nearer, the rumble and roar
Of the guns of the battling hosts—

Awake, boy! Awake! or else nevermore
Look the world in the face. O, the awful disgrace!

Awake, boy! Awake! From thy fair name efface
The shame of this night!

Awake, boy! Awake! Think of mother and home!
Awake, boy! Awake! For the morning is come
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

But his corporal finds him asleep on the ground;
And he wakes with a start at the ominous sound
Of the grounding of arms and the word of command,
As they wrest from his nerveless and trembling hand
The musket he's borne in the terrible fight
For country and home, for freedom and right:
And, quaking, he reads in his captain's stern eye
The miserable death that the faithless must die
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

* * * * *

'Tis morn on the green Shenandoah:

And nearer, still nearer, the rumble and roar
Of the guns of the battling hosts.

And afar in the "City of Penn",
A sore-stricken mother, in prayer,
Begs the great God of Battles to spare
Her boy who must die on the morrow at ten
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

* * * * *

'Tis noon at the Capital's seat:
Up the steps, through the dust and the heat,
A woman with silvery hair, bowed down with a weight of
despair,
Is wending her way to the great White House there,
To beg and to plead, again and again,
That her boy may not die on the morrow at ten
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

But she's stopped at the portal:
"Mr. Lincoln is busy. He cannot be seen,"
The orderly said. "O sir, you can't mean
That I've come all in vain! O my darling! my son!"
The orderly answered—"A great battle is on;
The Union is lost if by traitors 'tis won
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

And there on her knees, with face bowed in the dust,
That poor mother prayed to her God, great and just,
That the Union might live, that the battle be won—
"O God! Save the nation! Take even my son!
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

Then she lifts her tired head, and her world-weary eyes,
 And lo! they are filled with o'erwhelming surprise:
 For above her is towering a gigantic form,
 With face sad and furrowed, and scarred by the storm
 Of the conflict that's raging on fields drenched with gore,
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

And he lifted her up, and his eyes filled with tears
 As she clung to his hands, but he calmed all her fears,
 And tenderly laid her old head on his breast,
 And whispered—"There, there, little mother! Now
 rest!"

Then he asked her the name, and called for a pen,
 And said—"Your boy shall not die on the morrow at ten
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

* * * * *

'Tis noon on the green Shenandoah:
 And into the valley, with rush and with roar,
 Sweeps the panic-struck army in headlong retreat.
 Great God! Can nothing now stay those swift-flying
 feet?

"The Union is lost!"—the wild cry rings out,
 And the on-coming rebels exultantly shout
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

"The Union is lost!" See! her bright colors fall!
 The bearer lies pierced by a swift minie ball.

Ah, no! All's not lost! See! those bright colors rise!

A golden-haired boy, with clear, flashing eyes,
Waves the old flag aloft with his manacled hands,
And shouts, to the left and the right, quick commands,
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

"Come back! O, come back to the colors again!

Come back! O, come back! Wipe out this foul stain!"
And through the dun smoke and the cannon's red-crash
And the bullets' swift-whir and the sabers' bright-flash,
They hear that stentorian call ringing out,

They rally around him with thunderous shout—
The rebel hordes wheel! In mad terror they run!

The Union is saved! The battle is won
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

* * * * *

'Tis morn on the green Shenandoah:

And silent forever the rumble and roar
Of the guns of the battling hosts.

But hark to the sound of that muffled drum!
And see, with that golden-haired boy they now come
Far down the long line of battle-scarred men,
All breathlessly waiting the stroke of ten
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

By a deep, open grave they are binding him there:
Blindfolded he stands, with his bright golden hair,

That shimmers and gleams in the hot morning sun—

What boots it to him that the battle is won?

That his comrades are muttering and cursing, and say—

“ ’Twas this same fair-haired boy that saved us the day
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

“One!” The fatal number rings upon his ears;

“Two!” He sees his mother, toiling through the years;

“Three!” He prays for her with his last fleeting breath;

He feels upon his throat the icy clutch of Death:

The final word is on the lips of that grim man-at-arms,

And twenty gleaming muskets, levelled at his breast,

Await that word which ushers him to rest

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

Speak not that word, O captain, stern!

Speak not that word, and thou shalt learn

That God reigns in His sky!

For through the ranks goes up the cry—

“Hold, sergeant! Hold! The President! !”

And then, as if from Heaven sent,

Strides down the line of smoke-grimed men,

A figure with majestic mien,

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

And on his arm a woman, bowed with years,

And at the sight the blinding tears

Roll down the cheeks of those war-hardened men.

And now the shout goes up again—

“The President! The President! God bless the President!”

And Lincoln, dim-eyed, on those eager faces gazed intent,
Then said—“Loose him! He’s colonel of his regiment!”

And straightway gave him his commission there;
Then, son and mother, by that open grave, knelt down in
silent prayer.

Then from that shattered army’s throat a song arose,
with one accord—

“‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword!’

In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

And a woman’s voice took up the song, in a high and
quavering key—

“‘In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free’

In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

Fifty long years have passed and gone

Since that valley rang with the victors' song;

And that fair-haired boy, with his manacled hands,

Snatched the Flag from the dust and gave commands

That won the battle and turned the tide,

Where the Blue and the Gray sleep side by side;

But the Old Flag still floats on the soft southern breeze,

And the night-winds still whisper and sigh in the trees,

And the night-stars still glisten and gleam as of yore,

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

THE FLAG

THE FLAG! The Flag!! The Flag!!!
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!
 Live and die beneath its folds!


For it the future holds
 Deeds of glory yet untold!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!
 See how God's firmament
 Hath to our emblem lent
 Its stripes and stars!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!
 I'll love it while I live,—
 My very heart's blood give
 Ere it shall trail the dust!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!
 O, let my dying eyes
 Gaze on it to the end!
 Then, sweeping through the skies,
 I'll bear it, e'en to Paradise!

LIFE'S JOURNEY


 HE YOUNG man laughs with boyish glee;
 With merry tales, with jestings free,
 The moments pass, the hours flee;
 Good-fellowship here reigns supreme:
 We speed along, as in a dream,
 Across the Lake, whose waters gleam
 Like myriad jewels in the sun.


And now, the first lap of our journey done,
 Our iron-courser stops to rest:
 And far behind us in the west
 The desert lies; the snowy crest
 Of towering mountains greets us here,
 And rushing river, crystal-clear—
 And farther east, another desert, drear.

The young man weeps! O bitter tear!
 Dumb with heart-breaking anguish, weak, he stands,
 The fatal message crushed within his hands—
 "Our mother died today!"
 And as he reads, each ray
 Of light seems blotted from the world,
 And he into the outer darkness hurled.

"Ah, this is life!" he faintly said:
 "An hour ago in song and jest I led,
 And there, at home, my dear old mother, dead!"

Ah, yes, poor boy, 'tis life!
With joy and pain each hour is rife:—
O, who can solve the riddle of it all?
Before the awful mystery of death I fall
Helpless upon my knees; and, in my anguish, call
Through the black shadows of this earthly night—
“Dear Father, take my hand! Guide me aright
Through this bewildering maze of life and death
Into Eternal Light!”

THANKSGIVING DAY


 HANKSGIVING DAY again is here—
 Great Festival of all the year!
 The day when sons and daughters come
 To the dear, ne'er-forgotten home.

No other home is just like this,
 Whether of high or low degree;
 Where'er we roam, by land or sea,
 'Tis this abode we ever miss.

Here played we in the days long gone,
 Here prayed we at our mother's knee,—
 Through blinding tears her face we see;
 On places vacant now we gaze forlorn.

The faded years have bitter lessons taught,
 And fleeting time hath left its scar and sting,
 But still Thanksgiving never fails to bring
 A joy to which all other joys are naught.

Ah! who can sing the praises of that tie
 Which binds the hearts of kindred dear
 Upon this day of feasting and good cheer?
 O, when that tie is severed, I would die!

We greet again Thanksgiving, then:
 We thank the Giver of All Good

For life, for health, for raiment, food,
For friendships 'mongst the sons of men.

And when for us Thanksgivings end,
And sundered earthly ties for aye,
A long, sweet, blest Thanksgiving Day
Beyond the stars we'll spend!

MY SYMPHONY

I DO NOT ask for power:
 I do not crave an hour
 When men shall bow the knee
 For something I have done
 That hath their praises won.

I would all-powerful be
 Only to those I see
 Stricken by sorrow's rod,
 Losing their hold on God,
 Shorn by adversity.

For these I ask for power—
 To cheer them in life's fray,
 To help them on their way
 Unto a brighter day.

I do not ask for gold
 That I may wealthy be;
 Only that I may see
 With eyes of charity
 Those whom my gold may help—

Friends who have less than I,
 Causes that to me cry,

Poverty forever nigh—
For these I ask for wealth.

I do not ask for fame—
That I recorded be
In Time's Great History—
Only that men shall say
Over my lifeless clay:

"He did his little part,
He touched the throbbing heart
Of all humanity,—
This is his fame!"

I do not ask for love—
Only as it may prove
A stepping-stone to that above;
Love for those near to me,
Love for my country free,
Love for humanity.

Ah! this my song shall be,
Cheering and strengthening me
Unto the end:
Then in that symphony
Of His great love for me,
Through all Eternity,
My song shall blend!

NEW YEAR'S EVE

O THE years, the flying years!
 O the tears, the bitter tears!
 Years that never come again,
 Tears that fall, and fall in vain—
 O the barren years!
 O the bitter tears!
 What is life to me?

O the years, the flying years!
 O the troubles and the fears!
 Years of promise ne'er fulfilled,
 Years with hopes forever chilled—
 O the troublous years!
 O the haunting fears!
 What is life to me?

Yes, the years are flying!
 Sad heart, cease thy crying!
 Think not of the past
 With its bitter tears,
 With its troubles, fears;
It will never come again!

Face the coming years bravely to the last.
 Keep thy soul, thy name,

Spotless,—without stain.

Life shall blessèd be.


Fears and troubles flee

With the flying years:

Heaven's eternal peace

At the end appears!

NIGHT

 HE NIGHT falls:
 She folds
 Her sensuous arms about me
 And holds
 Me fast in dark embrace;
 Her ebon heart beats full
 Against my breast;
 Her fingers rest
 With somber touch
 Upon my weary eyes;
 And Nature's voices,
 At her call,
 Bid me to balmy sleep—
 To rest! To sleep! To dream!

To rest—after the toils and troubles of the day;
 To sleep—in blest indifference to grinding cares
 And sins and strifes of waking hours forever fled;
 To dream—of happy things that came, perchance,
 Like flecks of sunshine o'er the summer fields
 When storm-clouds lower—
 Sweet intercourse with 'genial friends,
 Or music's soft, delicious spell,
 Or love's illuminating thrill,
 Or walks among God's trees and flowers.

Ah, what a legacy dost thou bestow,
 O slumbrous Night, on all mankind!—
 The power of dear forgetfulness;
 Recuperation for tomorrow's battle;
 And, through the silent hours, sweet dreamings of past
 happiness and bliss.

Sleep on, thou tired spirit, sleep!
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!
 Tomorrow's rising sun shall wake thee,
 Tomorrow's sin and toil await thee—
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!

So sleep thou on through earthly nights,—
 Sleep on and dream and rest!
 And when the night of Death shall fall,
 And thou dost feel her ghastly arms enfold thee,
 Her leaden heart-beats 'gainst thy weary breast,
 Her icy fingers on thine eyelids laid,
 Sink thou to sleep and rest!

Dream on! Dream on!
 Dream of the coming morn!
 Dream of the day whose sun shall never set,—
 When sin and pain and toil and care
 Shall flee eternally away
 Before the dazzling splendor of God's smile!
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!

WEARINESS

MY SPIRIT faints beneath its load of care;
 An avalanche of trouble bears me down;
 There is no surcease anywhere;
 I rest 'neath Fortune's sullen frown.

All Nature to me lifeless seems;—
 The woodland streams and sunset-skies
 Are only filmy, faded dreams
 I gaze upon with listless eyes.

And strains of sweetest music fall
 Unheeded on my deadened ear;
 The morning song-bird's gladsome call
 No more my tired soul doth cheer.

Ye Gods of Strength, come back to me!
 Ye Gods of Vigor, touch my brain!
 And resurrect me, strong and free,
 To battle with the world again!

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Ho! FOR the cheer of Christmas-time!
 When the bells ring out in a glad, sweet chime,
 A message to all of goodwill sublime—
 Ho! for the cheer of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the peace of Christmas-time!
 For peace o'er all the restless earth
 Through a heaven-sent, loving Savior's birth—
 Ho! for the peace of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the joy of Christmas-time!
 When children's voices chant and sing
 The praises of the Christ-Child King—
 Ho! for the joy of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the love of Christmas-time!
 A love that encompasses all the Race—
 The rich and the poor, with redeeming grace—
 Ho! for the love of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the hope of Christmas-time!
 That, at the end of our earthly road,
 We'll lay down our heavy, weary load,
 And enter the many mansions fair,
 To find an eternal Christmas there!

SUCCESS

“**W**HAT IS success?” the young man cries:
 “Success,” the multi-millionaire replies,
 “Is the ability to keep what one has gained;
 Nor once permit business with sentiment to blend—
 That is success!”

“What is success?” the maiden cries:
 “Success,” the gilded-butterfly replies,
 “Is the ability to keep the sterner sex
 Forever at your feet,
 And then to choose at last, wealth, title, power—
 That is success!”

“What is success?” the student cries:
 “Success,” the deeply-learnèd man replies,
 “Is the ability to draw that power from knowledge which
 shall overawe a wondering world—
 That is success!”

“What is success?” the outcast cries:
 “Success,” the unsuccessful man replies,
 “Is the ability to touch a hardened soul like thine,
 And set thy stumbling feet upon the rock—
 That is success!”

This then is the great lesson all must learn:
 Success lies in man’s helpfulness and love.

And knowledge, title, power, are not life's greatest goal.

For, though devoid of these, in Heaven's eyes
Thou mayst successful be, e'en though to all the world
Thou art become an unsuccessful castaway!

REST

"O, for the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

O WHERE shall I find rest?
With spirit sore distressed
I lift my weary eyes unto the hills,
For rest, sweet rest!

O, where shall I find rest?
With troubled soul, oppressed,
I cry to the vast ocean-waste,
For rest, dear rest!

O, where shall I find rest?
With tired brain, depressed,
I wander on through springtime-fields,
For rest, soft rest!

O, where shall I find rest?
With aching heart, unblest,
I lose myself in summer-forests dark,
For rest, kind rest!

O, where shall I find rest?
In fitful dreams I take the morning's wings
And fly to earth's remotest bounds,
For rest, loved rest!

O, where shall I find rest?
 Nor mountain-height, nor ocean-waste,
 Nor springtime-fields, nor forests dark,
 Nor all of earth's immensity,
 Give answer to my cry!

O, where shall I find rest?
 In dumb despair I raise my heavy hands to heaven,
 And lo! out of those deeps of blue,
 There comes an answer to my prayer:

Resounding through the ambient dome
 A voice, majestic, makes reply—
 "My son, up here, beyond the stars supernal,
 There yet remains for thee a rest,—
 Sweet rest, eternal!"

PEACE

PEACE, perfect peace is here!
 Bright visions of a yester-year
 Come trooping o'er my soul,
 And deathless memories unroll
 Sweet pictures of a long-ago.

The troubles, worries, and the fret
 Of intervening years I can forget
 In this dear, hallowed place;
 The pain and sorrow all efface,
 That came with manhood's battling strife.

Ah, yes, 'tis perfect peace!
 'Mid childhood scenes I find surcease;
 Here evermore I fain would rest,
 Here dream the dreams of boyhood blest,
 Here sink, at last, into Eternal Peace!

SLEEP

WHEN SLEEP doth bind mine eyes—
 Ah! then I can forget
 The grinding care, the weary task,
 The turmoil, hurry, fret,
 Of these long daylight hours—
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,
 I can forget
 The breaking hearts, the wasted lives,
 The homes where love is never met
 And only sodden souls do dwell—
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,
 I can forget
 The countless failures of the past;
 The bitter loss, the vain regret—
 Those haunting ghosts of memory—
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,
 I can forget
 The faithless friends, with promises unkept,
 Who held the poisoned chalice to my lips and let

Me drink, e'en to the bitter dregs—
When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

Come, blessed sleep, and bind mine eyes!
Let me forget
That I have ever dwelt in tenement of clay:
Lead thou me gently on thy dreamy way,
And set me down at last in that Fair Country,
Far beyond the skies—
Come, blessed sleep, and bind mine eyes!

TO WASSILY SAFONOFF

In commemoration of his last night as Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society—Saturday Evening, March 27th, 1909, at Carnegie Hall.

IF ALL the music that has touched my heart,
 And thrilled my soul through all the years—
 The organ-tones in some cathedral grand,
 The cadences of some sweet symphony,
 The martial strains of some great military band,
 The solemn harmonies of dear old hymns;
 And glorious notes from prima-donna throats,
 And simple melodies of home and love,
 And warbling of the birds in field and wood,
 And joyous laughter of the mountain-brook:
 E'en too, the "music of the spheres"—
 Those angel-voices that have come to me in dreamy sleep—
 If these could fall again upon mine ears
 In one vast volume of harmonious sound,
 Not all of them combined could give to me
 That thrill of ecstasy which swept,
 Like lightning, o'er my soul that night.

Dear Friend, I lay this tribute at thy feet,
 As did thy audience great, on that last night,
 Beneath the thraldom of thy mighty spell.
 I hear again those plaudits, loud and deep;
 I see once more the wreath of laurel brought

To crown thee Master, Emperor, King,—
Monarch of Music's ever-blessed Realm.

All hail to thee, Maestro Great!
Go forth unfaltering on thy mission grand.
May every soul be touched as mine has been
That comes within the influence of thy power.
For Heaven hath given to thee that spark divine,
That inspiration that shall help to speed the hour
When love and peace shall reign supreme,
And hate and strife shall be no more.

And hail to thee! O Glorious Morn!
Whose rising beams shall usher in
The Fatherhood of God, sublime,
The Brotherhood of all Mankind!

A PRAYER

FATHER, pointing through an open door;
A little child, obedient, entering in—
The train speeds by.

Dear Father, make thou me, e'en as that little child.
Guide thou my feet along life's weary road:
And then, at last, through earthly portals dark,
Point thou the way,
And I, obedient, will enter in to realms and
Mansions of Eternal Day!

RETROSPECTION

THE OLD year is fading.
 Are we glad that 'tis gone?
 Has it left us disheartened,
 Despondent, forlorn?

Have its lessons been bitter?
 Have its tasks seemed too hard?
 Has it left our souls weary,
 Our hearts sad and scarred?

Has hate left its mark
 And anger its stain
 And envy its venom
 And sorrow its pain?

Or has love reigned supreme
 In the days that are flown?
 Have sweet seeds of kindness
 Been winnowed and sown?

Have heart-aches been ended
 And heart-breaks been mended
 By words from our lips
 Or by deeds from our hands?

O, the joy and the sorrow,
 The pleasure and pain,
 The love and the hate,
 The sunshine and rain,
 The sweet and the bitter,
 Are never in vain,

If, out of the turmoil
 And peace of the years,
 The heart still responds
 And the soul still aspires
 To thoughts that are noble
 And love that is true;
 For they lead us at last
 To the portals of Time,
 And usher us into
 God's New Year sublime!

A BURIAL AT SEA

HOW HANGS the mist o'er the face of the deep;
 The ponderous bulk of the great ship is still;
 The men at the rail lift their burden so light,
 And await the last word of command.
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

Wrapped in her garments of sleep, dreamless sleep,
 Free from all pain, so peaceful she lies;
 While asleep in the cabin a motherless babe
 Is dreaming of her and of home far away.
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

A sister is waiting in yonder far port,
 A mother is yearning for her 'circling arms;
 But those fathomless depths wait and yearn for her, too,
 And lift to caress her their seething white lips.
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

The last word is spoken!
 In the gray light of dawn,
 A swift, downward gleam of white canvas,
 And chill waters forever close o'er her.

And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

* * * * *

Bright is the morning that follows;
 Far in our white wake the spot
 Beneath which she lies in her deep ocean-bed,
 With the sea-grasses waving above her.
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

And I think of another bright morning to come,
 When, from world's end to world's end, together
 Shall roll the firmament vast, like a scroll,
 And the deep, cruel sea shall give up its dead.
 And, until then, unceasing,
 The wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—
 These shall her requiem be!

INVOCATION

LET US give thanks, upon this Day of Thanks,
As did our fathers in the days of old—
Lift high our voices in a song of praise to Him
For blessings far outnumbering our deserts:
That health and strength and courage still are ours;
That in our hearts dwell happiness and love;
That life grows sweeter as the days glide on;
That, through another year, the scythe of the Grim Reaper
Hath not mown us, nor any of our loved ones, down;
That the eternal verities of God's love and tender care
Grow clearer to us as our span of life speeds to the end;
That within the confines of our beloved Country
Abundance and prosperity do reign, and over all
The Angel of Peace spreadeth her protecting wings.
"O, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
For His mercy endureth forever!"

THE MARTYRS

Lines written after visiting the Torture Chamber at The Hague, and, later, hearing Bach's great organ in the Church of St. Bavokerk at Haarlem.

THROUGH iron bars the sunlight warm is streaming,
 Making still more hideous these instruments of
 pain,

And as we gaze we seem to catch the gleaming
 Of those fires of torture lit by the Sons of Cain.

Speak! O ye walls! and tell the awful story!
 Dead stones awake! and cry to highest heaven
 Of deeds of blackness, now grown old and hoary,
 When cruel power to bigots' hands was given.

"Man's inhumanity to man" was here revealèd,
 Where groans of poignant anguish rent the air,
 Until at last parched lips by death were sealèd—
 Lips whispering to the end a fervent prayer.

"Recant! Recant!" a deep-toned voice is saying,
 "Turn from thy heresy again to Mother Church!"
 "Keep thou me faithful!" the tortured one is praying,
 While very pangs of hell his mangled body search.

O Christ! who died for these in bitter degradation,
 Why were Thine ears then shut against those awful
 cries?

Where then the merits of Thy great salvation
When cruelties like these could rend the very skies?

Where was the angel bright who saved thy servant Daniel?
Where was the power that rescued David from Saul's
hand?

Where was the myriad-host that Thy hand couldst empanel
To snatch thy suffering children from the fiery brand?

Walls answer not; the silence grows depressing;
Mute are these stones that once ran red with gore;
Even the sun withholds its light caressing,
As with sad hearts we close the heavy door.

* * * * *

What are these strains that on our ears are pealing?
Whence come these wailing cries that fill the choir and
nave?

Whence these angelic notes upon our senses stealing,
As if High Heaven to us its benediction gave?

What are these thunderous tones that awe our souls to
stillness—

That vibrate through this sacred place, in accents long
and deep,
And fill our hearts with peace in all its fullness,
While heavenly joy within, its watch and ward doth
keep?

Find here, my soul of souls, what those mute stones retaineth;

Hear in these organ-tones the answer thou hast sought—
For, "Alleluja! our God forever reigneth!"

Chant all those martyred ones in Heaven's celestial court.

"Through tribulation great," I hear His voice resounding,

"Have these true souls well won the right to wear
That crown of life, with joy and peace abounding,
Which those, who, faithful unto death, shall share!"

So, when of that far land across the seas I'm dreaming,
And that accursèd chamber is once more before mine eye,
I listen for the answer from that great organ streaming,
And hear those martyr-voices ringing loud and clear on
High!

INTO THE NIGHT

INTO THE night we are speeding along,
 Into the night, into the night,
 With rumble and roar for our even-song,
 Into the night.

Into the night we are hurrying on,
 Into the night, into the night,
 By a fiery, tireless steed we are drawn,
 Into the night.

Into the night we sweep towards the West,
 Into the night, into the night,
 Sweeping with thunderous whirl and unrest,
 Into the night.

Into the night we leap towards the dawn,
 Into the night, into the night,
 Leaping to greet a day yet unborn,
 Into the night.

Into the night—Ah! this is Life!
 Into the night, into the night,
 Life with its turbulence, toil and strife,
 Into the night.

Out of the night! See! The East is aglow!

Out of the night! out of the night!

With rumble and roar exultant we go

Into the light!

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

SWEET ON the air the Christmas bells are ringing—
 Ringing out glad tidings of good will and peace
 to men;

Voices of children burst forth in joyous singing,
 Heavenly choirs responding repeat those songs again.

Thoughts of past Christmas-tides are all about us throng-
 ing,

Visions of the bygone years before us come and go,
 Bringing in their shining train a deep, insistent longing
 For home and kin and mother-love of that dear long-ago.

Why should we seek to stifle this great yearning
 For childhood joys and happiness that never'll come
 again?

Why seek to quench the love that in our hearts is burning
 For old-time scenes and faces, viewed through the mist
 and rain

Of tears that come unbidden, of tears that fall in vain?

Dear Father! Thou the giver of all life and light for-
 ever!

Let not these memories of the past a hollow mockery
 prove.

O, keep our faith unshaken! Give back those Thou hast
 taken—

O, in Thy many mansions blest, join us to those we love!

QUESTIONINGS

WHENCE doth the lone bird fly
 Swift through its realms of sky?
 Where doth it roam?

Whence floats the fleecy cloud
 White as a virgin's shroud?
 Where is its home?

Whence doth the proud ship sail
 Steady in calm and gale?
 Where is her port?

Whence runs the laughing brook
 Dashing through shady nook?
 What ocean's sought?


Whence dies the sunset's blaze—
 Flinging its dazzling rays
 Into the night?

Whence fade the throbbing stars
 As morning's radiant bars
 Usher the light?

Whence flies the fleeting breath
 As mortal sinks to death?
 To what far shore?

Why dost thou doubt, my soul?
Heaven is the final goal,
God is the Perfect Whole—
Thine evermore!

BOYHOOD MEMORIES


 HIS is the spot around which cluster
 Tender memories of my boyhood days—
 Memories that have dwelt with me
 Through all the years since that
 Bright morning on which I set my face
 So hopefully towards far-off western lands—
 Memories that, even in my dreams,
 Have overshadowed me in benedictions soft and sweet!

And now I live again those happy olden days!—
 The boyhood friends; the events—some commonplace,
 Some rare and fraught with subtle meaning—
 That made up the web and woof
 Of all the yesterdays of my younger years.
 Here is the peaceful river, catching
 Ten thousand glintings from the summer sun;
 The wooded slopes beyond its western rim;
 The quiet churchyard with its green graves,
 O'er which the bending branches chant their solemn
 requiem:

The boat, moored to the old tree by the river's bank,
 In which I often floated with the stream
 On summer evenings long ago; the apple tree,
 Grown old and hoar, 'neath which I used to watch
 The golden beams die in the radiant west,

And long to follow them to lands beyond the sun—
 All these come back to me in one great, overpowering
 Rush of tender memories of those far-off years.

But in this happy retrospection, in which I live again
 My boyhood hours, a shadow falls upon my heart,
 And a poignant, unassuaged sorrow fills it to overflowing.
 HER tender, tired face is mine to gaze upon no longer!
 Nevermore in this dear place will those soft eyes
 Look into mine, and that sweet voice address me!
 Gone from this earth, its suffering, toil and care,
 She sleeps in yonder hallowed spot with those
 She loved so well in other years.

O Mother mine! I call to thee across the valley dark
 That lies between thy bright celestial home and this
 Poor world of time, and thou dost answer me.
 Here on this spot, where in the bygone years you toiled
 And hoped and prayed, I feel thy gentle presence near.
 And boyhood's innocence returns to me, and mantles me
 With robes of ermine white, as spotless as thine own
 In Heaven, my Mother dear! And, with that noble queen
 of old,
 I cry to God: "O, keep me innocent!—Make others
 great!"

MEXICO

BLACK clouds roll up from Mexico,
 That sunny land, that land of woe—
 War-worn, strife-riven Mexico!

Wild cries ring out from Mexico,
 Ring out on flaming winds that blow
 Famine and death o'er Mexico.

And women's moans come on the breeze from Mexico,
 And shrieks of little children, running to and fro
 In streets wet with their blood, in Mexico.

"How long, O Lord, how long," in Mexico,
 Shall they maltreat Thy children so?—
 Benighted, murderous Mexico!

And vows of vengeance rend the air in Mexico;
 Vengeance 'gainst them who laid their chieftain low—
 He who, but four short days ago,
 Ruled panic-stricken Mexico.

His was no tyrant's rule, in Mexico!
 Gentle alike to friend or foe,
 Madero lived for Mexico.

"Dreamer and Weakling" named they him, in Mexico.
 "Dreamer and Weakling?"—Aye, but better so

Than treacherous assassin 'neath whose blow
Madero died for Mexico!

Beware! Beware! O Mexico!
The Northern Eagle's eyes expand and glow
With horror at thy deeds, O Mexico!

From Freedom's Heights I hear her call,
I hear the tramp of armèd men,
I hear their answering shouts again!

Beware! Beware! Or thou shalt know
That retribution's at thy gates,—
O savage, blood-stained Mexico!

PEACE

OWHEN shall this old world have peace?
 We pray for peace, and yet peace cometh not.
 Dun war-clouds roll athwart the Balkan skies,
 And thund'rous cannon belch and flame
 Their message from the fiends in hell!

And fields and streets in Mexico
 Run red with human blood.
 There, brothers' hands are clutching brothers' throats,
 And there, assassins' bullets, in the dark,
 Lay leaders of the people low.

We pray for peace, and yet peace cometh not.
 Nor ever will come while men cherish in their hearts,
 Hate, avarice, and wild lustings after power.

O Thou Omniscient, Mighty One!
 Creator of this little world
 And of those greater worlds
 That gleam and glisten
 In the midnight-skies,
 Touch with Thy magic wand of love
 The hearts of savage, selfish men!
 Lead Thou poor Human Nature by the hand,
 Beside still waters, to those pastures green
 Of WORLD-WIDE, EVERLASTING PEACE!

JOAQUIN MILLER

NOW LOVELY was that Sabbath morn
On which we climbed the steeps to clasp his hand!

The enchanting land resplendent glowed with sunshine
Such as falls only from California skies;

Before our eyes twin cities fair,
Whose shores are lapped by summer seas;

Upon the breeze came songs of lark and oriole,
And lowing of the cattle on green hills;

Murmuring rills leaped forth from bosky lurking-places,
Now and then, behind the winding turns;

Wild flowers and ferns bent o'er their limpid waters,
Glinting in the sun:

Anon, through emerald openings in the wooded range,
Glimpses we caught of that vast ocean-waste
Which sweeps resistless to the Farthest West.

* * * * *

And now, we rest a moment at his humble door,
Then, entering, greet him there, prostrate upon his couch
of pain,
From which he nevermore shall rise again.

The wild beast's skin that drapes his homely bed
 Brings memories of his wild and stormy past.
 But, as we gaze, he seems to cast it from him,
 As 'twere some tattered garment, useless now.

Upon his furrowed brow, enwreathed with flowing locks
 of white,
 The peace of God indelibly seems set.
 Serener yet, his pallid face, and those world-weary eyes,
 So soon to look on Paradise.

* * * * *

As we recall that ne'er-forgotten day,
 The glorious beauty of those Sabbath hours
 Fit setting seems for the last act of his life's play:

Out of the shadows, as the curtain falls,
 To hovering angels bright, he calls—
 "I hear ye! Pity me! Take me away! Take me away!"

Ah, yes! in very deed, sweeping the heavens free,
 "Some fair star earthward stooped, and beckoned thee,"
 And thou art gone!

* * * * *

Yet thy name liveth on, Sonorous Singer of a Golden Time!
 Builder of massive monuments of stone!

Thy songs are on the lips of all the world— in every
clime,—

And thou, at last, art come into thine own.

And like that noble cairn thou didst erect to Moses' name

On thy beloved "Hights,"—imperishable thy fame.

O matchless poet! Thou who so beautifully told

The wondrous story of this Land of Gold—

This Land of Promise by the western sea,—

Thy works do follow thee:

And in that Golden Land, beyond the sun,

Thou hearest now the Master's words—"Well done!"

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1914


THIS is our day of thanksgiving!
 Thanksgiving for what?
 That our nation is free from the blot—
 The red blot of carnage and war?
 That the shrieks of the dying which come from afar
 Come not from the lips of our own?
 That the lands drenched with gore and with misery
 strown,
 Lie beyond the wild wastes of the sea?
 That *our* land is the land of the free?
 That here peace and plenty do reign?
 That 'gainst *us* war's waves surge in vain?

O, how can we thanksgivings bring
 To the throne of the Heavenly King,
 When the kings of this world
 Have red banners unfurled,
 And deluged the earth with the life-blood of men—
 And women and children, again and again?

No! not thanks to-day do we bring
 To the throne of the Heavenly King
 That our own land is happy and free:
 Not thanks, but a passionate plea
 For justice 'gainst them who oppress,

For succor to them in distress;
For the dawn of a day
Whose sun rolls away
The black clouds of war
And men battle no more;
But, hand in hand, work out a righteous plan—
Glad dream of all the ages—the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!

THE MARCH OF THE HOURS


 HE MARCH, unceasing, of the flying hours
 Brings to its close another earthly year.
 Backward along Time's hoary track
 The beacon lights grow dim;
 And down the vista of the year to be
 The signals of Futurity are set.

What of the path whose devious way they mark?
 Will it resound with tread of lightsome feet?
 With peals of laughter, shouts of joy?
 Or echo with the sombre tramp of leaden limbs,
 Numb with the cares and sorrows of the world?—
 With songs whose only music is a dirge?

Will this New Year bring surcease from the strife
 Which rends the very earth and steepens in misery the Race?
 Will brutal-visaged War, by Peace enchained,
 Be thrust back to that Hell from whence he came?

O, for the speedy coming of the Dawn
 That ushers in the brotherhood of man!
 O Blessed Day! whose sun shall shine upon
 A world redeemed from bitterness and greed:
 Where men's sole gospel shall be peace and love,
 And human sympathy shall reign supreme!

THE SIXTH SENSE

SENSES five hath the Creator given
 To man for earthly weal or woe,—
 But there's another sense whose blessedness e'en
 All the rest combined cannot bestow!

It is that subtle, undefined sense,—
 A thing ethereal and not born of earth—
 Some souls have found in it Life's recompense—
 Souls cursed with toil and suffering from birth.

Stranger meets stranger:—they clasp hands—
 They look into each other's answering eyes,
 And know they've met before, in other lands,
 Yet with that knowledge comes no feeling of surprise.

In other lands—perhaps beyond this little life of ours,—
 They've walked in close communion sweet,
 Among Elysian fields and deathless flowers—
 Those Border-lands where Time and long Eternities do
 meet.

And thou, O soul, dear counterpart of mine!
 Didst walk with me in Lands beyond the Sun,—
 And then we lost each other in the mists of Time;
 But now we meet again in this fair world, our weary wan-
 derings done.

HOW I DISCOVERED "LITTLE RHODY!"

Gou know 'tis said that dear old Roger—
Protestant firm, and agile dodger
Of Puritanic persecution—

Won all the Natives with his elocution
The day he sailed up Narragansett Bay.

"What Cheer! What Cheer!" the savage chorus cried,
Whereat the noble Roger sighed—

"This surely is the hand of Providence!

For *here* I am a man of consequence:
I'd rather with these painted red men sit
And eat the juicy clam from steaming pit,
Than eat forever and a day,

Cold pork and beans on Massachusetts Bay—
I guess I'll stay!"

All this the story-books do show;
And now I'll strike an awful blow
At those historians old and slow—
For I'm iconoclastic you must know.
I'm going to raise a dreadful fuss
And get those fellows in a muss;
And you can safely to me toady,
For *I* discovered "Little Rhody!"—
It happened thus:

'Twas on a Sabbath morn in May—

In fact 'twas Decoration Day—

The train was headed Boston way,

When suddenly there came a bump

As if my car had struck a stump:

“ 'Tis Providence!” the porter cries,

And straight I oped my sleepy eyes;—

Sat up in bed in mild surprise.

“So *this* is Providence?” I said:

“It is,” quoth he, “an’ awful dead!”

Alas! Alack! It was too true—

The morning sun, in sky so blue,

Looked down

Upon a sleepy town.

Successors to good Roger lay

In slumber deep that morn in May.

The hour had not yet struck for prayer,

No sound of church bells in the air,

But there are those who firm declare

That praying is a long-lost art

In “Little Rhody’s” quiet mart!

And now I tramp me up and down

To find conveyance out of town:

Impatiently I stand and wait—

Like all things here, the car is late!

At last it turns Weybosset with a crash,
 And then up Washington we dash;
 Through Elmwood's shady lanes we go,
 Into the country, sure but slow.

The hills are dressed in living green,
 And, now and then, the silvery sheen
 Of quiet waters sparkling in the sun—
 A dazzling tribute to the day begun.
 The blue bird calls from out the bush,
 And then the song and sudden rush
 Of robin red-breast on the wing—
 Ah! how they touch my heart and bring
 Me back those boyhood hours
 'Midst "Little Rhody's" trees and flowers!

Here waves the dandelion still;
 Horse-chestnuts bloom upon the hill
 With butter-cups and daisies fair;
 There's scent of violets in the air,
 And clover perfume everywhere—
 All verdant Nature's in a thrill,
 And sentient life bends to her will.

On through the quiet villages we pass,
 Where little groups now wend the way

To worship on this sacred day
 And pay,
 With bowed and reverent head,
 Their tribute to the Nation's dead.

* * * * *

And now I stand within the door
 Of the old homestead, where of yore
 The loved ones gathered round the board,
 And Time flew swift, and sweet accord
 Reigned here supreme in childhood hours.
 Ah me! They never will come back:
 They've sped away upon life's track
 That leads from this old world of Time
 Into Eternity sublime.

And faces once so radiant here!—
 At thought of them, the bitter tear
 Wells up unbidden to my eyes,—
 I send a prayer into the skies
 And lo! a benediction, sweet,
 Falls at my very feet.

"And what hast thou discovered, pray?"
 I hear some doubting Thomas say.
 "Why only *this*," I make reply;—
 "Of all the lands beneath the sky,

From Maine to California great,
There's none can touch my Native State!
A little State of big renown—
The State of Burnside, Green and Brown,
And Williams,—crowned with Freedom's crown!"
Ah, "Little Rhody" may be slow—
But then, its home, sweet home,
You know!

FAILURE

How oft in life we fail!
 The sails we set to some auspicious gale,
 Only to find our ship at last
 On treacherous shoals, aground and fast.

How oft we labor, with a Titan's might,
 On plans conceived through many a weary night;
 Build, with incessant toil, a structure fair,
 Only to see it vanish into air.

How oft we battle till the fight seems won,
 Only to see, when day is done,
 The night-clouds lower and the stars look down
 On fields with dead hopes thickly strewn.

Yet, from our failures must we ever rise
 With grim determination in our eyes,
 And set the sails again and labor on
 And battle till the shades of night are gone—
Full sure that vict'ry cometh with the dawn!



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

OCT 4 1938

OCT 5 1938

28 Sep '63 SL

REC'D LD

SEP 19 '63 - 1 PM

7C 14457

363909

Handwritten: 72-10-10
Stamp: OCT 10 1972

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY





